

HOW TO START TO-DAY. £500 A YEAR FOR LIFE. (See inside)

PEARSON'S
WEEKLY
 £1,000
 Free Insurance.

You can start this Competition to-day.
 Fresh Set of Pictures appears inside.
FIRST PRIZE,
£500
A YEAR FOR LIFE.
 Other Gifts to the value of **£1,000.**

No. 855.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 6, 1906. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY

THE BEST! THE VERY BEST!!
AND NOTHING BUT THE BEST!!!

That is what People get when they ask for

HOLBROOK'S

GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

YOUR MEDICAL MAN RECOMMENDS IT.

A choice of Cocoa to suit your taste.
 Either the most nutritious and strength-giving
EPPS'S COCOA
 Gentleful-Comforting.
 A delicious drink and a sustaining food.

Or, a lighter and thinner drink, refreshing and stimulating.
EPPS'S COCOA ESSENCE
 Welcome at any hour of the day.

Rich, Appetising Soup!

Symington's Pea Flour

Our high-pressure steam process removes all the fixed air—making Symington's Pea Flour more digestible and nourishing than any other soup thickening.
 Packet—12, 6d. Tins—6d., 1/-.
 W. Symington & Co. Ltd., MANCHESTER.
 ESTD. 1827.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES

RUCK'S Xmas Cards.

Look for Name & Trade Mark
 NONE GENUINE WITHOUT

Raphael Tuck & Sons
 Private Xmas Greeting Cards
 The RAPHAEL HOUSE
 "OUR QUEEN" & "CONQUEROR" SERIES

CALENDARS. BOOKS. POSTCARDS.

THE MOST WELCOME ARTISTIC & UP-TO DATE.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will make you Look Well, Feel Well and Keep Well.

These family favourites are composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, and are warranted free from Mercury or other poisonous substance. They cleanse the stomach and bowels; invigorate the whole nervous system and give tone and energy to the muscles. BEECHAM'S PILLS have stood the test of over fifty years without the publication of testimonials. Patients recommend them to their children: friends recommend them to one another, and BEECHAM'S PILLS RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

6,000,000 BOXES SOLD ANNUALLY.
Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lanc., and sold everywhere in boxes price 1/11 (25 pills) & 2/6 (50 pills).

Better than Cod Liver Oil

THE DEVONSHIRE OIL (GLOVED), absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids. 5lb. 1s. 4d.; 1lb. 1s. 4d.; 2lb. 1s. 4d.; 4lb. 1s. 4d.; 8lb. 1s. 4d.; 16lb. 1s. 4d.; 32lb. 1s. 4d.; 64lb. 1s. 4d.; 128lb. 1s. 4d.; 256lb. 1s. 4d.; 512lb. 1s. 4d.; 1024lb. 1s. 4d.; 2048lb. 1s. 4d.; 4096lb. 1s. 4d.; 8192lb. 1s. 4d.; 16384lb. 1s. 4d.; 32768lb. 1s. 4d.; 65536lb. 1s. 4d.; 131072lb. 1s. 4d.; 262144lb. 1s. 4d.; 524288lb. 1s. 4d.; 1048576lb. 1s. 4d.; 2097152lb. 1s. 4d.; 4194304lb. 1s. 4d.; 8388608lb. 1s. 4d.; 16777216lb. 1s. 4d.; 33554432lb. 1s. 4d.; 67108864lb. 1s. 4d.; 134217728lb. 1s. 4d.; 268435456lb. 1s. 4d.; 536870912lb. 1s. 4d.; 1073741824lb. 1s. 4d.; 2147483648lb. 1s. 4d.; 4294967296lb. 1s. 4d.; 8589934592lb. 1s. 4d.; 17179869184lb. 1s. 4d.; 34359738368lb. 1s. 4d.; 68719476736lb. 1s. 4d.; 137438953472lb. 1s. 4d.; 274877906944lb. 1s. 4d.; 549755813888lb. 1s. 4d.; 1099511627776lb. 1s. 4d.; 2199023255552lb. 1s. 4d.; 4398046511104lb. 1s. 4d.; 8796093022208lb. 1s. 4d.; 17592186044416lb. 1s. 4d.; 35184372088832lb. 1s. 4d.; 70368744177664lb. 1s. 4d.; 140737488355328lb. 1s. 4d.; 281474976710656lb. 1s. 4d.; 562949953421312lb. 1s. 4d.; 1125899906842624lb. 1s. 4d.; 2251799813685248lb. 1s. 4d.; 4503599627370496lb. 1s. 4d.; 9007199254740992lb. 1s. 4d.; 18014398509481984lb. 1s. 4d.; 36028797018963968lb. 1s. 4d.; 72057594037927936lb. 1s. 4d.; 144115188075855872lb. 1s. 4d.; 288230376151711744lb. 1s. 4d.; 576460752303423488lb. 1s. 4d.; 1152921504606846976lb. 1s. 4d.; 2305843009213693952lb. 1s. 4d.; 4611686018427387904lb. 1s. 4d.; 9223372036854775808lb. 1s. 4d.; 18446744073709551616lb. 1s. 4d.; 36893488147419103232lb. 1s. 4d.; 73786976294838206464lb. 1s. 4d.; 147573952589676412928lb. 1s. 4d.; 295147905179352825856lb. 1s. 4d.; 590295810358705651712lb. 1s. 4d.; 1180591620717411303424lb. 1s. 4d.; 2361183241434822606848lb. 1s. 4d.; 4722366482869645213696lb. 1s. 4d.; 9444732965739290427392lb. 1s. 4d.; 18889465931478580854784lb. 1s. 4d.; 37778931862957161709568lb. 1s. 4d.; 75557863725914323419136lb. 1s. 4d.; 151115727451828646838272lb. 1s. 4d.; 302231454903657293676544lb. 1s. 4d.; 604462909807314587353088lb. 1s. 4d.; 1208925819614629174706176lb. 1s. 4d.; 2417851639229258349412352lb. 1s. 4d.; 4835703278458516698824704lb. 1s. 4d.; 9671406556917033397649408lb. 1s. 4d.; 19342813113834066795298816lb. 1s. 4d.; 38685626227668133590597632lb. 1s. 4d.; 77371252455336267181195264lb. 1s. 4d.; 154742504910672534362390528lb. 1s. 4d.; 309485009821345068724781056lb. 1s. 4d.; 618970019642690137449562112lb. 1s. 4d.; 1237940039285380274899124224lb. 1s. 4d.; 2475880078570760549798248448lb. 1s. 4d.; 4951760157141521099596496896lb. 1s. 4d.; 9903520314283042199192993792lb. 1s. 4d.; 19807040628566084398385987584lb. 1s. 4d.; 39614081257132168796771975168lb. 1s. 4d.; 79228162514264337593543950336lb. 1s. 4d.; 158456325028528675187087900672lb. 1s. 4d.; 316912650057057350374175801344lb. 1s. 4d.; 633825300114114700748351602688lb. 1s. 4d.; 1267650600228229401496703205376lb. 1s. 4d.; 2535301200456458802993406410752lb. 1s. 4d.; 5070602400912917605986812821504lb. 1s. 4d.; 10141204801825835211973625643008lb. 1s. 4d.; 20282409603651670423947251286016lb. 1s. 4d.; 40564819207303340847894502572032lb. 1s. 4d.; 81129638414606681695789005144064lb. 1s. 4d.; 162259276829213363391578010288128lb. 1s. 4d.; 324518553658426726783156020576256lb. 1s. 4d.; 649037107316853453566312041152512lb. 1s. 4d.; 1298074214633706907132624082305024lb. 1s. 4d.; 2596148429267413814265248164610048lb. 1s. 4d.; 5192296858534827628530496329220096lb. 1s. 4d.; 10384593717069655257060992658440192lb. 1s. 4d.; 20769187434139310514121985316880384lb. 1s. 4d.; 41538374868278621028243970633760768lb. 1s. 4d.; 83076749736557242056487941267521536lb. 1s. 4d.; 166153499473114484112975882535043072lb. 1s. 4d.; 332306998946228968225951765070086144lb. 1s. 4d.; 664613997892457936451903530140172288lb. 1s. 4d.; 1329227995784915872903807060280344576lb. 1s. 4d.; 2658455991569831745807614120560689152lb. 1s. 4d.; 5316911983139663491615228241121378304lb. 1s. 4d.; 10633823966279326983230456482242756608lb. 1s. 4d.; 21267647932558653966460912964485513216lb. 1s. 4d.; 42535295865117307932921825928971026432lb. 1s. 4d.; 85070591730234615865843651857942052864lb. 1s. 4d.; 170141183460469231731687303715884105728lb. 1s. 4d.; 340282366920938463463374607431768211456lb. 1s. 4d.; 680564733841876926926749214863536422912lb. 1s. 4d.; 1361129467683753853853498429727072845824lb. 1s. 4d.; 2722258935367507707706996859454145691648lb. 1s. 4d.; 5444517870735015415413993718908291383296lb. 1s. 4d.; 10889035741470030830827987437816582766592lb. 1s. 4d.; 21778071482940061661655974875633165533184lb. 1s. 4d.; 43556142965880123323311949751266331066368lb. 1s. 4d.; 87112285931760246646623899502532662132736lb. 1s. 4d.; 174224571863520493293247799005065324265472lb. 1s. 4d.; 348449143727040986586495598010130648530944lb. 1s. 4d.; 696898287454081973172991196020261297061888lb. 1s. 4d.; 1393796574908163946345982392040522594123776lb. 1s. 4d.; 2787593149816327892691964784081045188247552lb. 1s. 4d.; 5575186299632655785383929568162090376495104lb. 1s. 4d.; 11150372599265311570767859136324180752990208lb. 1s. 4d.; 22300745198530623141535718272648361505980416lb. 1s. 4d.; 44601490397061246283071436545296723011960832lb. 1s. 4d.; 89202980794122492566142873090593446023921664lb. 1s. 4d.; 178405961588244985132285746181186892047843328lb. 1s. 4d.; 356811923176489970264571492362373784095686656lb. 1s. 4d.; 713623846352979940529142984724747568191373312lb. 1s. 4d.; 1427247692705959881058285969449495136382746624lb. 1s. 4d.; 2854495385411919762116571938898990272765493248lb. 1s. 4d.; 5708990770823839524233143877797980545530986496lb. 1s. 4d.; 11417981541647679048466287755595961091061972992lb. 1s. 4d.; 22835963083295358096932575511191922182123945984lb. 1s. 4d.; 45671926166590716193865151022383844364247891968lb. 1s. 4d.; 91343852333181432387730302044767688728495783936lb. 1s. 4d.; 182687704666362864775460604089535377456991567872lb. 1s. 4d.; 365375409332725729550921208179070754913983135744lb. 1s. 4d.; 730750818665451459101842416358141509827966271488lb. 1s. 4d.; 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2826955312034022927333276001188669625323974235000990328970153295049916416lb. 1s. 4d.; 5653910624068045854666552002377339250647

HOW TO START TO-DAY (see below).

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

WHICH WILL NOT BE DIVIDED.

Also **CONSOLATION GIFTS** to the **VALUE** of **£1,000** to be **DISTRIBUTED** as follows :

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF

£250

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF

£100

ONE
CASH
GIFT OF

£50

One Cash Gift of £25.

10 Cash Gifts of £5 each.

One Cash Gift of £15.

500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.

One Cash Gift of £10.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

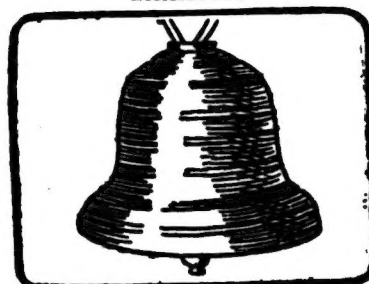
Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

You have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut across the page at the place marked, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below.

A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

EXAMPLE.



BELL.

CUT ACROSS HERE.

Conditions.

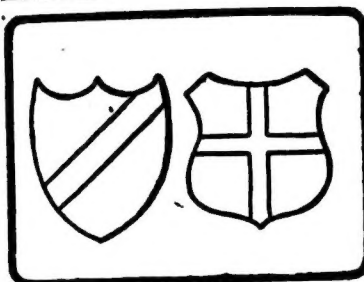
1. The surname must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one surname is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are allowed in the surnames. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
4. As you fill up each weekly set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you until you are told how and when to send it in.
5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of the pictures as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the sets composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner. Proof of posting packets containing solutions to the pictures will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
6. The surname with the greatest number of letters, made up of the names or names (or words which have the same sound) of the object or objects depicted in each picture, is the correct solution, but if there are two or more of such surnames depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The prize will not be paid to anyone who we find has violated this condition.
8. In the unlikely event of a tie, further pictures will be submitted to the tying competitors until one wins the first prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, £500 a year for Life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such monthly payment, and his receipt also will be recognised.
10. All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.
11. You must sign your name and address in the space provided at the foot of this page.
12. The Editor's decision in all matters connected with this competition is final and conclusive, and competitors who enter must agree to abide by all these conditions.

No inquiries regarding the competition can be answered either personally or through the post.

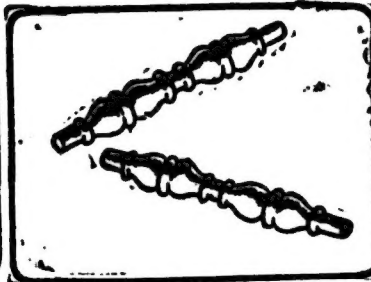
HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

Readers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their news-agents last week's issue containing the first four sets of pictures, or it will be sent for 2d., post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

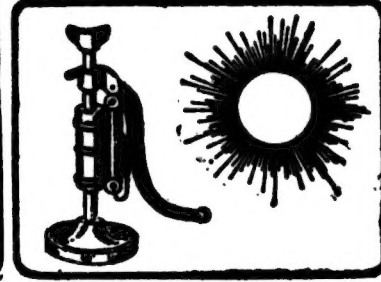
FIFTH SET.



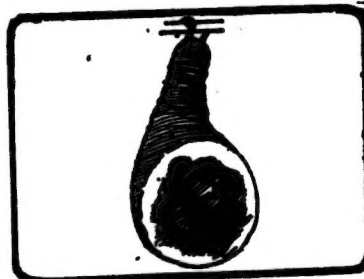
25.....



26.....



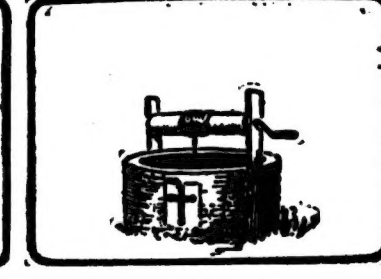
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Another Set of Pictures will Appear Next Week.

Name.....

Address.....

[Dec. 6, 1906.]



By
GERTRAUDE
M. FOXE.

The winter season had brought throngs of fashionable visitors to Helmaton, and the Oriental Tea Room was a favourite resort. To-day it was crowded, and the clatter of cups and saucers and the busy hum of voices kept pace with the orchestra, whose members, two violinists and a pianist, did not seem to resent forming merely a background to conversation and flirtation.

After a pause, during which the pianist sipped tea and yawned alternately and the violinists disappeared presumably in search of a stronger beverage than was to be obtained at the café, a young man came from an obscure corner and placed himself on the little dais with his hands clasped behind him, ready to sing.

At his first note conversation ceased abruptly. The song he sang was a hackneyed one, but it acquired a new and rich significance as he rolled it out in his deep bass. He seemed to bring the idlers in the dimly-lit, luxurious room face to face with all the things that matter in life. Between the end of his song and the applause which followed there was a simultaneous indrawing of breath. In answer to the applause he merely bowed mechanically and withdrew into his secluded corner.

"What a splendid voice! I wonder what he's doing in a place like this! He ought to make his fortune!"

"Isn't he good-looking! Such beautiful dark eyes!"

"He's dreadfully conceited! You can see that by the way he holds his head!"

Such and many more were the comments made in the interval. But he did not seem to have any curiosity as to what was said about him.

Something, however, drew him back to the present with a start. He was conscious of the men's voices having ceased and of the buzz of conversation being purely feminine.

Someone was beginning Tosti's "Good-bye" in a tremulous voice. By leaning forward slightly he could see the dais, on which stood a girl singing, with closed eyes. She was palpitantly nervous, but she improved as she went on, and in her last few lines produced some strikingly good notes. She was simply dressed in black, and with a little more colour and animation might have been good-looking. Perhaps her eyes were beautiful; he wished she would open them that he might see. But as she descended the steps from the dais she was too confused to let her glance rest anywhere but on the door. Then she seated herself at a table in the opposite corner with her face turned away from him and bent over a book.

But while he was singing his next song he felt that she had turned and was watching him intently. Not being troubled by nervousness he met her glance full-once; after that she turned away. But he had seen enough to convince him that her eyes were worth looking into again.

Sidney Barracry was never afflicted with conventional scruples when he wanted to do anything. He walked straight to her when he had finished his song, and took the chair opposite her showing his even, white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"As fellow artists we do not require an introduction," he said. "I have not seen you here before. Are you engaged for the season?"

She flushed but did not seem to resent his speech. "Only—if my singing suits," she said hurriedly.

"Who said that? Old Hadley! Tell him to go and hang himself! He always starts the depreciating dodge with people who don't know him! The blessed old scamp knows he's only too glad to get anyone with a decent voice in this old shanty!"

It was so refreshing to hear her bullying employer spoken of disrespectfully that she raised her eyes to his in an involuntary smile which he found charming.

"Oh, well—you are different! I dare say you have credentials."

"Do you think that if I had any position at all I should be singing in this wretched tea-shop?" he asked, regarding her steadily.

"I thought your voice—" she faltered.

"Yes," he said calmly. "My voice would make my fortune if I could afford to have it properly trained. But I have a mother and sister dependent on me, and I dare not leave my situation and let them run the risk of starving while I study. I take a few beggarly engagements like this in my spare time, and that makes things smoother at home. Ah, well, I suppose we are all slaves to duty at some time in our lives—and emancipation will come some day."

He looked at her, evidently expecting that his confidence would be returned. She coloured hotly.

"My people," she faltered, "are poor—and uncultivated. My father makes brushes and sells them for a living. We have a little shop in the South Road. Everyone knows us, and that is why it is so difficult for me to get on. I was educated at a higher-grade school, and afterwards I was drafted to Helmaton College—that is how I came to learn music and many things I should be happier without. But my parents are so proud of me and are so certain that I shall get on—and all the time I dare not tell them that because I belong to them I am despised and have no chance. I do a little dress-making at home, and should be content with that if it were not that there is something inside me urging me on to sing. Do you know the feeling?"

"It is the craving for self-expression which stings every genius into doing more than his fellows," he said gravely. "Because I have that feeling I take heart knowing that it can only be suppressed for a certain time. We shall both have our dreams fulfilled in the end! Never fear!"

She blushed and smiled and he went on, his brown eyes searching her face, his expression very determined.

"Will you be here to-morrow? May I know your name?"

"I think so," she replied softly. "My name is Rachel Wiedermann. I am a Jewess."

And he remembered that on first seeing her he had thought there was something un-English in the olive tint of her skin, and the blackness of her hair and eyelashes.

"My name," he began, but he had forgotten that it was his turn to sing, and Hadley beckoned him to his place before he got any farther.

When he returned to her table she had gone. She was afraid that he would offer to accompany her home, and could not bear that he should see, just yet, the poor dwelling occupied by her parents.

But the next day she was sorry for this, for he was not at the tea-room; and on the day after a stranger took his place.

Two years later a grand concert was given at Helmaton in aid of the Soldiers' Orphanage, and the singing master, from whom Rachel Wiedermann took lessons when she could afford it, and who had so often declared that he could not introduce her to any likely patron because of her disadvantageous connections, asked her to sing at it.

"Of course, you'll get no pay, as it's a charitable performance," he said. "But it's a good chance for you. The room will be full of big people, and if you make a good impression you may get one or two drawing-room engagements."

Rachel knew quite well that he only asked her because he had been disappointed by someone else at the last moment, but she was glad of the chance.

The worst of it was that all her relatives—parents, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles, and cousins—poor as they were—insisted on buying tickets and coming to the concert. It was not for herself that she minded, for she was an affectionate and loyal girl, but she hated that they should be criticised and scorned by the shallow and fashionable philanthropists who would compose that audience.

She had made for herself a dress of cream net trimmed with violets which suited her perfectly, but she sat with her friends, muffled up in a cloak, until it was time for her song. Then she slipped round to the dressing-room, and in a few minutes appeared on the platform. Her family applauded her entrance loudly and her cheeks tingled. She had overheard the accompanist remark: "I had no idea I should have to accompany her! Why didn't she bring her own accompanist?"

But she made a determined effort to conquer her nervousness and succeeded, though she was conscious that her voice lacked life.

The conclusion of her song was greeted by a dead silence. Overwhelmed with mortification, she hurried through the ante-room where the other amateurs were assembled, and where conversation ceased as if by magic as soon as she appeared.

A smothered laugh followed her, and she distinctly heard the remark: "How ridiculous for a girl in that station to get herself up like that! I suppose she thinks she looks quite the lady!"

"I won't go on again," she said to herself madly. "I hate them! They can get someone else to fill my place!"

But as she dragged on her cloak she thought of the disappointment of her father and mother. How they had looked forward to this day, and how it would hurt them to hear of her being alighted. They might even guess the cause. So she went back to the place they had kept for her, and was greeted by a whispered chorus of praise.

"These grand folk are not ones for much clapping, though," said her mother.

Rachel's eyes filled with bitter tears. Those of the audience sitting near had recognised her, and more

scathing comments reached her ears. Her friends, in blissful ignorance, rocked their bodies and nodded their heads to the music, and she heard smothered laughs and cultured gibes at their appearance.

Her heart beat almost to suffocation, and her face was deadly pale as she passed through the ante-room for the next song. Being a girl of "grit," she set her teeth and did her best. This time a man at the back clapped with determination and vigour; people turned to see who he was, and, recognising a person of authority, imitated him feebly. Before Rachel had had time to get through the freezing circle assembled in the ante-room he stood in the doorway.

"Barracry!" cried someone.

"You!" he said, seizing Rachel's hand, and she recognised her friend of the tearoom.

He had no eyes for anyone else. She knew that Barracry was the singer of the London season, but she had never guessed at his identity. Now the others crowded round him, and she was pushed aside. "Give us a song, Barracry! It is in a good cause!"

"Well," he said slowly, "I will, certainly. But it must be soon. I have an engagement."

"Now!" they said, and the accompanist rose with alacrity, as he mentioned the name of his song.

He looked at her. He had noted her expression when she was accompanying Rachel.

"I think I prefer my own accompanist," he said calmly. "I'll go and fetch her."

In two minutes he re-appeared with Rachel, who had slipped away while he was talking to the others. A gasp of astonishment went through the room.

"I hope you will forgive me if I make any blunders. I don't know it very well," she said sweetly.

Rachel's fingers trembled, but not with nervousness, as she played for the man whose re-appearance was like a fairy tale.

A storm of applause greeted the end of his song, and loud voices demanded an encore.

"Do you know the music of 'Poppy-Land'?" he asked Rachel.

She nodded.

"And can you sing the treble?"

"I have learnt it," she replied tremulously, "but I—"

"Then you will sing it with me!" he said gently but firmly.

The applause continued deafening, but as he came to the front again it died away to a sigh of satisfaction.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he said. "I am here by chance to-night, and I have brought none of my songs, but Miss Wiedermann and I will sing you a duet."

"Your very best!" he whispered to her. "For me—forget the others!"

And she did forget the ordeal she had been through, the supercilious glances, the cruel criticism, and sang for his benefit alone.

"Well done," he said, as he led her from the platform. "You pleased them that time!"

"They are applauding for you!" she said.

"You may test that next time you sing," he replied. "That will be nearly the end of the evening, won't it? Until then you can come for a stroll with me. I want to tell you— heaps of things."

"It's a dream!" she kept saying to herself, as he told her how the day after their first meeting, Loretti, the great operatic manager, had heard him sing and had offered him a large sum to leave his employment and chance his luck on the stage, how after a year of study he had started his professional career and had jumped into fame with a bound. How he had remembered her, and; being in Helmaton for the week-end with a friend, had come to the concert because he had seen her name on the programme.

He left her at the door of the concert hall, pleading an engagement.

It was her last song, and she received a very different reception from that which had been accorded to her before; Barracry's acknowledgment of her had raised her with a bound from contempt to laudation.

As cloaked and hooded she re-entered the hall to join her relations, she met Barracry's eyes fixed upon her approvingly. She was startled, because he had said "Good-night," and she had supposed that a pleasant episode was now ended. This time he was not alone. He beckoned her outside into the porch.

"This is Mr. Loretti," he said. "He wishes to speak to you."

And she felt more and more as if she were in a dream when she understood that this great man thought she had an exceptionally fine voice, and was prepared to make her an offer which was for her practically the first great step on the ladder of fortune.

"I inveigled him here," laughed Barracry afterwards. "He thought he was coming to hear a tenor, and had made up his mind to say his voice was no good. But directly he heard you he said: 'That girl will do for me!' So you see we're both emancipated slaves now."

"I shouldn't be but for you," said the girl gratefully.

"Don't speak too soon," he said smiling. "I don't know that you really are emancipated—I may have a different kind of thralldom in view for you!"

And he had.

THE PASSING OF THE LANCE.

The order issued the other day by Mr. Haldane, directing that for the future Dragoons and Dragoon Guards are not to carry lances, even on ceremonial parades, seems to signify the end of this weapon.

Yet, on its invention, it proved itself a terribly effective one, as we found to our cost on the day we first became acquainted with it. This took place at the battle of Albuhera.

Napoleon, with his keen eye for the exigencies of military service, had armed with it, as an experiment, four of his cavalry regiments; and these, under cover of a heavy storm of rain, succeeded in surrounding and enveloping an unfortunate British infantry battalion, the old 3rd Foot, better known perhaps as "The Buffs."

What followed was little better than a massacre. The bayonets of our men were almost as useless as so many darning-needles when opposed to the new weapon under the circumstances in which the "Buffs" found themselves, and in less than fifteen minutes the unlucky regiment had ceased to exist, its total loss amounting to 664 officers and men.

After this dreadful catastrophe the lance came into general use, and the British cavalry soon grew exceedingly proficient in its use. Even now it is a terrible weapon when used against a flying or demoralised foe; a fact which was abundantly proved at Elandsfontein, where the Lancers, aided by the Imperial Light Horse, rode through and through the retreating Boer commandoes, and changed in a few minutes the retreat into a rout.

SINCE HIS DAY.

It was in Portsmouth Harbour one sultry day that a four-foot-eight midshipman came to join his first sea-going ship, having duly reported himself to the captain, an officer some six feet two inches.

The latter, literally looking down on the boy, said: "Well, youngster, so you've come to join, eh?" "Yes, if you please, sir," meekly responded the midshipman.

"What is it—same old yarn? Sent the fool of the family to sea, eh?"

"No, sir," ingeniously replied the youngster; "oh, no, things have altered since your time, sir!"

"Go away!" roared the captain, and the middy flew below as fast as his legs could carry him.

MISS SINGER: "I wonder if that rich uncle of mine remembered me when he made his will? I used to sing to him."

Cynical Friend: "He must have; he hasn't left you anything."

LADY FARE (inside four-wheeler): "Cabman—cabman! Surely you're going out of your way!"

Cabby (rousing himself): "Bless me, mum, you gave me quite a turn! I'd forgot all about you, and was driving back to the stables!"

BESSIE: "Oh, Tommy! My new baby doll is almost human! When I squeeze her she begins to cry, and when I put her to bed she closes her eyes!"

Tommy: "Huh! She'd be more human if she closed her eyes when you walk the floor with her and begin to cry when you put her to bed!"

WHEN KINGS RELENT.

A TOUCHING story concerning the aged Emperor Francis Joseph was recently cabled from Vienna. He was signing a death-sentence, and was so affected thereby that two big tears rolled down his cheeks and blotted out part of what he had written.

His Majesty thereupon turned to his secretary and said: "Tears remove every fault. I cannot sign. See for yourself. My signature is blotted out. I give the man his life."

A very similar occurrence marked the commencement of Queen Victoria's reign. The Duke of Wellington brought to her a court-martial death sentence for signature. After considerable demur she signed it. Then, acting on a sudden impulse and bursting into tears, she took up her pen again and wrote across the face of the document the single word "pardoned."

This spontaneous act of royal clemency held good, too, and the condemned man went free. But a short Act was passed directly afterwards relieving the young Sovereign from the distressing task of having to sign any more of these gruesome documents.

Similar anecdotes are told of many other European potentates, and of still more Oriental ones. Even the usually austere Kaiser wants to pardon the cobbler "Captain of Kopenick," and it is pretty certain that such a step would meet with general approval. The late Tsar Alexander III., too, insisted upon sparing the life of Jessie Heljmann, one of the assassins of his father, as soon as he heard that she was likely to become a mother.

ABOUT THE GRAND DUKES OF RUSSIA.

The Most Hated Men on Earth.

EACH ONE GETS A £100,000 A YEAR.

THE general idea regarding a Russian Grand Duke is that he is an idle, tyrannical autocrat, with no object in life save the cruel oppression of the Russian lower orders, and the maintenance of himself in supreme power only second to that enjoyed by the Tsar himself. To a certain extent this estimate of the character of a Grand Duke is correct, but when we consider their environment and the narrow teachings of their class, we shall then find that they are not so bad as we are accustomed to regard them.

From the talk one hears of them, there might be thousands of Russian Grand Dukes, whereas, as a matter of fact, at the present time there are only nineteen.

A small band, you will think, to cause so much fear and unrest, such a degree of hatred among the Nihilists. But they have, small as their number is, so much individual power by right of birth that collectively they become a national menace. It is this principle that the political organisations of Russia are warring against.

The Grand Dukes consist of the male relatives of the Tsar, and include his brother, four uncles, four first cousins, and ten second cousins. All of the Tsar's male relations after that are merely princes, with the prefix of "Highness" only, whereas Grand Dukes have "Imperial Highness."

There are actually thirty-two male relations of the Tsar all told, excluding his infant son, the baby Tsarevitch. Every one of these thirty-two is a member of

the Imperial House, and each one receives from the day of his birth as a birthright an income of £100,000 a year from the national exchequer. Thus over three millions per annum is taken from the public revenue for the support of this favoured few.

Besides this, they own between them about 50,000 square miles of land, which means, roughly, a fortieth of the territory of Russia in Europe. They also possess 325 palaces and castles, and they give employment to about 20,000 servants, all of whom are required to render military service.

The Grand Dukes have many privileges enjoyed by no one else. They are free from arrest. They cannot be sued in a court of law or compelled to be a witness, and need not make oath to any statement, their signature giving it verity. Their social position is second only to that of the Tsar, and is equal to that of the monarchs of other countries. Everyone must stop and salute them in the street, not moving on until they are ten paces away. Limited space forbids a list of all their special rights.

Yet their bed is not all roses. They can do nothing without permission from the Tsar. They cannot leave Russia or marry unless he consents.

Disobedience means imprisonment, confiscation of estates, and banishment, one or all, as the Tsar pleases. There are other minor disabilities without number.

Their frequent breaches of the edict against unsanctioned marriages, too, show that they possess tender human feelings to a marked degree. Of the

nineteen, seven or eight have either married, not only without asking the Tsar's consent, but actually against his express command, or they at present want to marry women whom the Tsar disapproves of.

A few instances will illustrate the fact that the Grand Dukes, when it comes to an exhibition of the tender passion, are so very human that they are willing to sacrifice everything to gratify its behests.

The Grand Duke Cyril wanted to marry the Duke of Edinburgh's divorced daughter, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, but the Tsar forbade him, and relented afterwards as a reward for Cyril's heroism in the Japanese war. Grand Duke Paul has been exiled for six years for marrying Mme. Valerisova against the Tsar's wishes.

Grand Duke Alexis, when young, married his mother's lady-in-waiting, and was expelled from Russia for three years, but subsequently pardoned, and he is a favourite with the Tsar.

Grand Duke Nicholas has been in exile for thirty years. He wished to marry a Paris music-hall celebrity, and, while exiled to prevent him, married a Caucasian peasant girl. This doomed him for good.

Grand Duke Michael married a girl whose life he saved from a runaway horse. Through the intercession of the girl's uncle, the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the Tsar eventually forgave the pair, and they now live in England as Count and Countess Torbay. They are intimate friends of King Edward and prominent figures in the highest society.

HOW TOWNS ARE PUNISHED.

THE question that is agitating Worcester just now is how Worcester is going to be punished for the corrupt practices which were shown to have been prevalent there during the last election.

The decision, of course, rests with Parliament, which may either totally disfranchise the borough, or, as an alternative, suspend the writ for the remainder of the Session, or for such longer period as it may deem desirable.

Probably the milder punishment will be inflicted, in which case Worcester will be able to afford itself the poor consolation of reflecting that at all events many other boroughs have similarly suffered.

The more serious punishment of total disfranchisement, too, has befallen quite a number of British boroughs in days gone by. Beverley, Bridgwater, Sligo, and Cashel, for instance, suffered in this way in 1870; and Yarmouth, Totnes, Lancaster, and Reigate in 1876, following on the disclosures elicited by the Government Commissions of Inquiry in the previous year.

St. Albans, again, was disfranchised in 1882, and Sudbury in 1848; while in 1832 some scores of petty boroughs, most of them utterly corrupt, were similarly deprived of the privilege by the measure that has come to be known as the Great Reform Act.

Amongst the most notorious of the "rotten boroughs" thus and then punished was Shoreham, in Sussex, where, as was proved, votes had long been openly sold to the highest bidder.

INSULT TO INJURY.

A LONDON cabby, on overhauling his vehicle one morning discovered a parcel on one of the seats. With great curiosity he opened it, only to find that it contained—a dead cat!

In his anger and rage he was about to hurl the carcass into the street when a police-constable arrived on the scene, and the following dialogue ensued:

Driver (holding up carcass): "This is how I am insulted. What am I to do with it?"

Constable (sternly): "I'm astonished at your ignorance. Why, take it straight to Scotland Yard, and if it is not claimed within three months it becomes your property!"

"Of all mechanics blacksmiths are the most discontented."

"Why?"

"Because they are continually striking for wages."

"HANG these motor 'buses!" said the man with the round shoulders and long beard. "I think I've gone a-running up to no fewer than a dozen crowds expectin' to see a fight and only found some fellow doctorin' a motor 'bus!"

"Tommy, I'm going to punish you severely."

"What for, pa?"

"Now, don't try that innocence game. I know all the bad things you've done to-day."

"No, you don't, pa. You don't know where I hid the strap you whack me with."

PEOPLE HIRED TO APPLAUD.

THE impression prevails amongst the ordinary theatre-going public that the claque is a purely French institution, and totally unknown in Great Britain.

This, however, is a quite erroneous idea. In at least one big London variety theatre, paid applauders have been for some time regularly installed, although, of course, the patrons thereof are carefully kept in ignorance of the fact.

These are the real things, organised by the management, and by them paid for. Of unauthorised clagues, the name is legion. Mr. Hall Caine, the other day, publicly stated that he himself had been approached by the leader of one of these organisations, who had offered to boom by means of his organised applause a new play he was producing.

But it is amongst the music-hall profession that such tactics are principally pursued. Hired "gangs" of "gallery boys" are paid to "pick up" the refrain of a certain song; it being a commonplace amongst variety artistes that once their song "catches on" with the gallery, it "goes" also in the stalls.

Such tactics are perhaps not indefensible. It is when this claque is employed, to cry down and harass an artiste, that its wickedness becomes apparent.

Only the other day, in a London police-court, it transpired that one jealous woman had spent considerable sums in trying after this fashion to hound a rival off the stage, and so prevent her from earning a living.

WHEN MEN WANTED VOTES.

WIMBORNE in any way defending the conduct of the suffragettes, it is permissible to point out that when men wanted votes, and didn't get them, they behaved far worse than the women are now doing.

Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder of Bristol, was to the male suffragists (they called themselves "reformers") of the thirties what Mr. Asquith is to the women suffragettes of to-day. He did not think the working men of this country ought to have votes, and said so.

Because of this it was determined to kill him. But he was forewarned, and escaped. Whereupon the mob, furious with disappointment, set fire to the principal buildings of Bristol, threw open the prisons, and proclaimed England a republic. Five hundred of them fell before the bullets and beneath the sabres of the soldiery ere order was restored.

Later on, the working men of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Nottingham, and other places rose in revolt. Newport was "seized" by an "army" of ten thousand miners, and desperate fighting took place. The Scottish weavers fixed a day for marching on Carlisle. The men of Kent did actually march upon London, and came into collision with the military near Canterbury, several of them being killed.

The Duke of Wellington had won Waterloo not so very many years previously, but this did not save him from the odium attaching to all anti-reformers. The mob tried to storm his residence, Apsley House, and it had to be guarded night and day by armed men.

In one single week 150,000 special constables were enrolled in London in order to preserve the peace, and loaded cannon were placed on Westminster Bridge. The Bank of England, too, was specially protected, and fortifications were hastily thrown up around other public buildings.

This was in 1848. But so late as 1878 a voteless mob tore down the railings round Hyde Park.

THERE are 25,000 pores in the hands of a man.

EARTHQUAKES are rather more common at full moon than at any other time.

In some parts of Italy the wholesale price of wine is little more than a halfpenny a quart.

TOWNS TERRORISED BY FIRE BUGS.

OSBORNE is not the only town that has been terrorised by fire bugs, and it is luckier than some in that the mystery in its case has been at last solved.

No one, however, knows the identity of the incendiary who in 1896-7 caused such panic at Farthinghoe, Northamptonshire. House after house was burnt, and other fires broke out in all manner of unexpected places. The police did their best, and the insurance companies sent down their smartest private detectives. But it was all to no purpose.

Fourteen fires, all undoubtedly of incendiary origin, were reported in eight weeks, and a number of others at intervals afterwards. Then they ceased as suddenly and as mysteriously as they had begun. Nor was there ever any recurrence of them from that day to this.

Birmingham's turn came in 1878, a big batch of criminal confederations culminating in the holocaust of Aug. 30th, when the premises of a confectioner named Dennison were wilfully set on fire at dead of night, and four persons perished miserably. Three years later, again, a similar series of mysterious occurrences took place at Liverpool; and in 1871 a wandering fire-bug named William Anthony—afterwards caught and convicted—carried the terror of the torch into many towns and villages of the Midlands.

Gangs of professional incendiaries, too, have from time to time caused something very nearly akin to panic even in London itself. Whiteley's vast emporium in Westbourne Grove was set on fire on more than one occasion by some such organisation.

But the most dangerous gang of the kind was that presided over by a man named Culmer, better known as the "Fire King," and which was directly responsible—as was proved at the trial of its members in 1891—for the destruction by burning of some 700 buildings.

TAKEN LITERALLY.

A BUSY newspaper manager, about to send off a batch of papers, sent his new office-boy across the street to the post-office for "a sovereign's worth of ha'pennies." Half an hour passed and the boy had not returned, nor could he be found. When a couple of hours had gone by, and the lad was still absent, the manager was on the point of sending round to the police. Suddenly, however, he walked the truant, his pockets bulged out, and his forehead bathed in perspiration.

"Where have you been?" asked the employer savagely.
"All over the town, sir," replied the boy humbly; "and if you please, sir, I can only get sixteen shillings and fourpence worth, all the rest are pennies."

He had been trying to collect shillings' worths of halfpence.

BENEDICT: "That luminous paint is a splendid invention."
SINGLETON: "What do you use it for?"
Benedict: "We paint the baby's face, so we can give him a drink in the night without lighting the gas."

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.

WHAT do you charge for a set of false teeth, mister?" asked a Hertfordshire lady of a dentist recently.

"From one to twenty guineas, madam," replied the courteous knight of the forceps.

"Then I guess Jargo will have to wait," observed the lady; "and he'll be out up about it too. He reckoned to get a new lot in, by club feast day, but he's only got nine-pound-ten saved up."

"I could supply a first-class set for that sum, madam," remarked the dentist.

"Not a set as 'ud fit Jargo," said the lady. "I reckoned Jargo's mouth is nigh a twenty-guinea set."

"Of course, the difference in price is merely a question of quality, madam."

"Quality," exclaimed the lady. "Quality. Then I'll say done at nine-pound-ten, mister. I thought as how they went by size."

Mrs. WILDMAN: "I can tell you this, Mr. Wildman, if you continue in your present life of extravagance you'll surely pay for it some day."

Mr. Wildman: "I wish, my dear, that my creditors had the same faith in my good intentions."

THE BARBER'S CRIME.

THE village barber had, justly, obtained a reputation for eccentricity, and Sam Jones never took a seat in the operating-chair without a qualm. Recently he observed that the tradesman appeared, if anything, rather more strange in his manner than usual. Every now and then he would go to the door and glance up and down the street, and at last, with a deep sigh, he shut the shop-door and looked it, at the same time pulling down the blinds.

"Keep quiet; don't make a sound," he commanded the nervous Sam in a hollow voice. And for full five minutes Sam sat in an agony of apprehension, waiting for the worst.

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the shop-door; someone tried the latch and walked away. And then the wielder of the razor breathed again.

"That's my landlord," he said, by way of explanation. "I haven't got his rent ready: he thinks I'm out."

"That's a pretty girl opposite. Paints, doesn't she?"
"Looks like it."
"Introduce me. I might get an order."
"What's your line?"
"Ready-made paints and a first-class brush with every gallon."

A MEMORY WORTH HAVING.

"WELL, well," mused the returned villager, "the old place is not a bit changed after all these long, long years. And if there isn't old Davy Gubbins sitting outside his cottage. He must be nearly a hundred by now. And how are you, Davy?" he cried. "You don't look a day older than you did when I left here, thirty-five years ago."

"Thirty-five years ago. Who be's thee then?" quivered Davy.

"Don't you remember Tommy Dobbs? I am he," replied the returned villager.

"Thee be'st, eh?" said Davy. "Then tak' thee that."

And, suddenly raising his staff, he smote the returned Tommy on the nose.

"What's that for?" demanded the victim, in surprise and indignation.

"That's the welt I owed thee for that rotten turnip thee hatched Oi in the eye w' the day afore thee left for Ameriky. Spose thee's forgot it, eh? Tak' my word for it, I ain't."

HISWIKER: "You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head."

Prisoner: "It was an accident, your honour."

HISWIKER: "What! Didn't you intend to hit her?"

Prisoner: "Yes; but I didn't intend to break the chair."

THE TRUTH EXPLAINED.

"Yes," said Jones, "Blenkinsop does limp. It is because he would sleep in a haunted room about a year ago. All went well till about two o'clock in the morning, when he awoke with the knowledge that the flickering gas-jet was filling the room with weird shadows, and that a blast of cold air was sweeping through the room. It was uncanny; but there was worse to come. Glancing at the foot of the bed he saw the dim outline of a hand on the bed-rail.

"Even his iron courage failed. Grasping a revolver he had provided in case of accidents, he pointed it at the hand.

"Whatever ghost you may be," he quivered, "take your hand from the bed-rail, or I fire."

"There was no reply and no movement of the hand. Only the wind howled in the trees outside.

"Then bang! bang! bang! went the pistol.

"And that, sir," finished Jones, "is why Blenkinsop limps. He shot off two of his own toes."

OLD FORTS PUT TO STRANGE USES.

St. HUBERT'S FORT, Spithead, is to let, and the War Office, in advertising the fact, lays stress upon its suitability for a private residence.

At first sight this suggestion seems almost to verge upon the ludicrous. In reality, however, these obsolete forts, being very strongly built, and therefore completely wind and weather proof, are far from uncomfortable abiding places.

Not long along Mr. P.W. lit accidentally upon one of these fort-houses while on a walking tour along the south coast. The tenant, an ex-artilleryman, paid the Government four guineas a year rent. He had utilised the casemates as bedrooms and sitting-room, while the gun embrasures were laid out as kitchen gardens. In the well of the fort was a concrete pond devoted to the rearing of ducks.

In the same locality was a martello tower inhabited by a free-lance journalist and his wife. This gentleman wrote a magazine article, illustrated with photographs, describing his unique abode, and the money he received for it had paid the year's rent—£5—of the tower, and had partly furnished it into the bargain.

Perhaps, however, the most curious transformation ever effected in this class of building was its conversion into a rabbit warren. This was accomplished, some years back, in the case of Fort Clarence, near Chatham, the bunnies breeding by thousands in the underground passages and galleries.

ETHER was first used in surgical operations in 1846.

THERE is neither thunder nor lightning within the Arctic Circle.

NEW TRAPS TO TRICK PUBLICANS.

THE sham funeral party is the very latest dodge for defrauding publicans. An undertaker's coach draws up outside the house at a time when only one barmaid is on duty. Two men, in frock coats, silk hats, and black kid gloves, enter the saloon bar and call for whiskies-and-sodas.

They are, of course, served. Meanwhile, two other men, posing as assistants, enter the ordinary or "four ale" bar and order some less expensive refreshment. The barmaid leaves the saloon bar to attend to their wants, and when she returns finds that her customers there have vanished, with whatever money happens to be in the till. So, too, has the mourning coach.

Flurried and alarmed, she flies back to the "four ale" bar, but that also is empty; and it then dawns upon her that she has been the victim of a cleverly-planned robbery. Several London publicans have been victimised in this manner during the last week or two, at one house, in Dalston; the thieves got away with a cashbox containing £70.

The sham "bushing" party is a variation of the same trick. A couple of travelling musicians play a tune or two outside the saloon bar, and then go round to the "four ale" bar and call for refreshments, saying that the "governor" has sent them—a not unusual proceeding amongst publicans under the circumstances.

As is the custom, the barmaid proceeds to verify their statement from the "governor's" own lips before serving them. She is gone perhaps a minute, or even less; but meanwhile her till has been cleared, and the men have decamped.

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The Punishments Meted Out Range from Reprimands to Death.

OWING to the recent insurrection of the naval stokers at Portsmouth, the ringleaders of the mutiny have been subjected to the trying ordeal of a court-martial.

Needless to say, no sailor, whether an officer or an ordinary seaman, relishes a court-martial. Except he be acquitted with an entirely clean sheet, the fact of his having been tried by his superiors carries with it a black mark to the end of his career, and is an ever-recurring obstacle in the way of his promotion.

Only serious offences, such as the infringement of the Articles of War, of the King's Regulations, of the Admiralty Instructions, or of important breaches of the Naval Discipline Act, are followed by a trial by court-martial. The admiral, captain, and commander of any of the King's ships of war are given power, within certain limits, to punish all minor offences against acts of discipline in any manner they think fit.

First offences are usually met with a caution, and a reprimand, but succeeding offences are punished in various ways. Youths and boys are occasionally birched. "Jack" may be kept in solitude for a day, or kept deck scouring and doing other dirty work, while his comrades are given leave to go ashore, and the middy or officer may be given an extra allowance of night watches or other irksome duty.

SENTENCES LITTLE SHORT OF BARBAROUS.

Stoppage of leave, however, of all ranks, is the punishment most dreaded, and as a consequence that most inflicted.

But a court-martial is a most serious affair. In the old days the administration of the naval law was entrusted to the discretion of commanders acting under instructions from the Lord High Admiral, who was supreme over both the royal and merchant navy. Often the sentences passed then were little short of barbarous.

It was the leaders of the Long Parliament who first secured something like a regular tribunal by passing, in 1615, an ordinance and articles concerning Martial Law for the Government of the Navy. Under this ordinance, instructions were issued for the holding of general and ship court-martials with written records, one for captains and commanders, the other for subordinate officers and men.

Of the latter, the mate, gunner, and boatswain were members, but the admirals reserved a control over the more serious sentences.

A little later the High Admiral again received power to issue commissions for holding courts-martial—a power which continues to be exercised by the Board of Admiralty. The whole system may now be said to rest on the Naval Discipline Acts of 1860 and 1866.

Under the latter Act a court-martial must consist of from five to nine officers of a certain rank, and must be held publicly on board of one of His Majesty's ships of war, and where three such ships are together.

TREATED WITH FAIRNESS.

The chief admiral of the fleet or squadron appoints the members; but all captains on the station, if not implicated, have a right to sit. The rank of the president depends upon that of the prisoner. A judge-advocate, to assist the court on points of law, to see that the proceedings are regular, and, with the president, to take care that the prisoner is treated with strict fairness, is always in attendance at important trials.

Contrary to the procedure in military courts, the prisoner is not asked to plead, and the sentence, if not one of death, does not require the confirmation of the Commander-in-Chief abroad, or of the Admiralty at home. The Admiralty, nevertheless, have a general power of suspending, annulling, and modifying sentences which are not capital.

The jurisdiction extends to all persons belonging to the Navy, to land forces and other passengers on board, shipwrecked crews, spies, persons whose names are on the books of His Majesty's ships in commission, and civilians on board who endeavour to withdraw others from allegiance.

The definition of the jurisdiction by locality includes harbours, havens, or creeks, lakes or rivers, in or out of the United Kingdom; all places within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, all places on shore out of the United Kingdom, and the dockyards, barracks, and hospitals, of the service wherever situated.

When borne on the books of a man-of-war, marines are liable to trial by naval court-martials, but otherwise judgment is passed upon them by the military

authorities. In fact, no military court-martial may sit upon a man-of-war except a regimental court, with the sanction of the ship's captain, for the trial of a non-commissioned officer, and it may only sentence him to reduction to the ranks.

Now as to the manner in which a trial is conducted. The officers who constitute the judges are also the jury. Witnesses may be called on both sides, but the prisoner's counsel, or the "friend," as he is termed, unlike the practice in military court-martial, has many restrictions.

Except when reading the prisoner's defence, he is not allowed to address the court, and then only in the first person as if it were the prisoner himself reading it; and, further, the "friend" is only permitted to put questions himself.

When all the evidence is taken, after a slow and tedious process, the sentence is finally pronounced in open court.

If the punishment take the form of death, penal servitude, imprisonment, or corporal punishment, special authority is required to carry the sentence into execution.

In the case of a death sentence, which means hanging at the yard-arm, the prerogative of mercy is in the hands of the Crown, and can only be remitted by His Majesty. With that single exception, whenever sentence has been passed on an offender, and punishment awarded by court-martial, no alteration of the sentence can be made except by the Admiralty.

In the case of an offender sentenced to imprisonment or to corporal punishment, he may, upon fulfilling the sentence, unless otherwise stated, return to the position he formerly held. More usual punishments than those just enumerated, because they are generally inflicted for acts of gross negligence and carelessness, are: Dismissal from His Majesty's service, dismissal from ship, loss of more or less seniority, and a severe reprimand.

HOW THE PUNISHMENTS AFFECT THE CULPRITS.

A man dismissed from the service has to abandon the career he had mapped out for himself. All his attempts to re-enter the Navy will be met with a refusal, nor will he find the Army receive him with open arms. They would rather not have him at all.

Should he assume another name, and so mislead the authorities into giving him a place in the service, he runs the gauntlet of being heavily punished upon detection.

Sentence of "dismissal from ship" is often not really so severe a punishment as it appears. In the case of officers, when they are given full pay until appointed to another ship, it sometimes amounts to a holiday, though the authorities are not often guilty of such generosity. It is more usual, however, for officers and men dismissed from their ships to be put on half-pay, and kept waiting for another appointment for so long a time as the seriousness of their offence warrants.

The loss of a year or more's seniority means that that amount of time is deducted from an officer's length of service, and thus he is adversely affected in times of promotion, and may see a brother officer, though really junior to him, pass to a higher post.

It affects his pension also, for he must serve another period, equivalent to the loss of his seniority, before it will be worth his while to retire from the service.

A severe reprimand, though the most frequent punishment of all, nevertheless, is cordially detested. Throughout the career of an officer or man so punished it is a black mark against him, for, being stated upon his papers, it is a constant reminder to all officials with whom he comes into contact of his offence in the past.

It is a millstone about his neck, which keeps him down, and of which he cannot unburden himself save under exceptional circumstances.

"Br George," exclaimed one of the audience as he made his exit from a concert-hall, "I envy that fellow who appeared last!"

"What—envy that fraud?" protested his companion. "The worst attempt at singing I ever heard!"

"That's just it," was the reply. "It's his tremendous courage I envy!"

"It's so hard to say 'Good-night'!" remarked an infatuated young man at the front door. "I can't find it in my heart to say 'Good-night'! I simply—"

"Look here, young man," interrupted the girl's father—"if you wait a little longer you'll be able to say 'Good-morning'!"

DRIBBLER: "In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a mass of conceit."

SCRIBBLER: "Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest."

"Modest? What about?"

"About his spelling."

THE CADGERS OF CAPE COLONY.

About "Bummers" and the Downward Path they Tread.

THE bummer is a purely local article, indigenous to the Cape. This interesting specimen must be confounded neither with the hoodlum, the tramp, the rough, nor the rowdy. He is certainly not a hooligan or a larrikin. He is somewhat akin to the sundowner, inasmuch as generally he has no settled abode. Occasionally, he is a remittance man.

He is, indeed, a "vagrom man," and, in England, would be apprehended for sleeping out, and for having no visible means of subsistence. At home, he would be sent to the workhouse, if not to gaol; but at the Cape there are no poor laws and no workhouses, and so the bummer's bed-chamber is located amongst the geraniums, the heaths, and the sugar-bush bushes which clothe the lower slopes of Table Mountain.

When the rains come and the floods descend, he finds shelter in caves and sand-pits; and, if the worst comes to the worst, he can join the convict guard on the breakwater, or take up a spell of other honest, though disagreeable, and, of course, irksome work.

WHO THE "BUMMERS" ARE.

Bummers are of all ranks and classes, and of several nationalities; but the majority are British, young and of gentle birth, scions of noble houses, cadets of good families, 'Varsity men, parsons, schoolmasters, ex-officers, clerks, and so on. Nearly all have been dispatched from home as ne'er-do-wells; a few came out in boom days, expecting to find the streets paved with gold and cobbled with diamonds, and, lacking the pluck, and squandering the means, to proceed up-country—where only such as they have any chance of doing anything—have got stranded.

During the period or periods when they are temporarily in cash, they resemble the "Remittance Men" of Canada or Australia, and conduct themselves similarly. They "knock down" their cheques, go the pace, make fools of themselves, and are a general nuisance.

The downward career of the bummer, though fairly rapid, is sharply graded. At first, well-dressed, well-groomed, smart, with "Haw-Haw" and arrogant insular bearing, he frequents the best hotels.

Later, he has not even the few pence necessary to give him the entrée to the leading bars, and his connection with good society vanishes.

HAUNTING THE POLICE COURT.

Still later, he kills time, spending long hours in the superb public library (whence he has been known to carry away valuable books), and in the Magistrate's Court, which has a strange fascination for him at this stage—but not subsequently.

Not long after this, such clothes as he has not sold have become shabby; boots broken and down at heels, once immaculate collars and cuffs ragged, hats crushed and faded, gay necktie stained and soiled.

But there is an occasional stray shot in the locker, and so the bummers drift into back slum and dock-side canteens, where they rub shoulders with some of the most undesirable companions on earth. Runaway merchant sailors of all nationalities, convict guards, bad specimens of Californian and Australian miners, the top scum of failures (and worse) from Kimberley and the Rand, low-class half-breeds, blackguard Afrianders, and men "wanted" in various parts of the civilised world.

Hardly one of our bummers goes under his own name. Most of them have an appropriate, and often offensive, nickname, in addition to a convenient alias; and though nearly all of the fraternity are drunkards and gamblers, there will probably be present in a gathering of them men able to settle knotty points of theology, law, Latin, Greek, pedigrees, heraldry, the turf, the chase, and the manners and customs of good society.

HAWKING ROUND SILVER SAND.

There are periods when the bummer, out-at-elbows, homeless, and empty, is absolutely compelled to work, in order to avoid literal starvation. Then he fills an old gunny-bag with silver sand from Green Point Common, and hawks it round the canteens with which he is so familiar. Sooner or later, he will find a friendly landlord, who will deal for 6d., the sand being spread over the floor of the bar.

With the 6d., the bummer fares royally. Fourpence for a bottle of Colonial sherry, a pennyworth of bread, and a pennyworth of fish. Tobacco, of course, is to him one of the necessities of existence; but where the weed sells at 4d. per pound, a hand-ful can always be cadged.

A couple of typical bummers will occasionally harden their soft hearts, and engage for a spell of work on the guano islands. Here, for several weeks, or months, they are virtually in prison, and compulsorily sober. Upon their return, they wear an unwonted air of health. Moreover, they are rigged out in new suits of cheap clothes. Further, they have money in their pockets.

They proceed to paint the city red, and when all their money is spent they start cadging again.

Picked Pars.

Keeping up the Entente.

A Northampton gentleman lost a cigarette case on the Continent recently. It contained his card, and he has just had it returned by post, with a card inside bearing the name of M. Jules Lemoine, Paris, and the words "Entente cordiale."

A British Buried "City."

Anderida, or Andredocaster, the Roman city whose excavation is being attempted, stood on the edge of Andredswald, the enormous forest which once extended more than a hundred miles from the Kent border to the Hampshire downs, leaving only a narrow strip between its southern edge and the sea. The city occupied the site where Faversham now stands.

Honesty's Reward.

Gold to the value of £340 was found in a bag on a seat by a boy at Newton Heath railway station (near Manchester). He took it to the lost property office, where it was discovered that it belonged to a lady who had travelled from that place to Manchester. She had missed the money, but had no idea where she had left it. On recovering the £340, she gave the boy threepence.

Assaulted with Powder.

On the magistrate's advice, a publican took out a summons for "assault" at a London court against a customer who, he said, was in the habit of scattering in the bar of the house a powder which produced such violent sneezing on the part of the other customers as to drive them out of the house. The publican himself had, in consequence, suffered in affection of the nose.

Sentenced to Bed.

A judge of the Juvenile Police Court at Boston, Massachusetts, has sentenced a boy who stole a bicycle to spend every Saturday in bed until further notice.

Grapes from a Raisin Stone.

Among the exhibits at a Southend show recently was a bunch of black grapes, grown from a vine which sprang from a raisin pip thrown in the exhibitor's garden after the stoning of the raisins for the Christmas pudding.

\$63 for a Cat.

The famous chinchilla cat, Silver Lambkin, has died, at the age of seventeen years. His beauty raised his colour to the most fashionable variety in the world, and his offspring were sought after eagerly. For one of his sons \$63 was given—the highest price ever given for a cat.

Trapped their Chief.

The police in charge of "traps" for motorists in a Pennsylvania county gathered into their net the commander of the State constabulary, who was charged with having negotiated 825 yards of road in 52 seconds. He made no defence, and was fined £2.

Horrible Temptation of Schoolboys.

A curious test of discipline was used at an Enfield elementary school. The boys were told to stop work and fix their eyes on a blackboard. A football was then dribbled up and down the room, the schoolmaster meantime keeping a sharp look-out for all eyes straying from the blackboard. The scholars came well out of the novel disciplinary exercise.

Interrupted the Game.

Several pigs invaded a football field at Yeovil while a game was in progress, and the match was temporarily turned into a pig hunt.

How Luck Varies.

How fishermen's luck varies has been strikingly illustrated at Lowestoft, where a boat returned to the harbour with five mackerel and six herrings as its entire catch. Companion boats had made hauls of herrings that fetched £100 and over.

Too Old for Four Hundred.

The beacon on the tower of Hadley Church, near Barnet, which lighted the forces of Edward IV. to the Battle of Barnet, 1471, and warned inlanders of the approach of the Spanish Armada, 1588, has been blasted by lightning, and replaced by a new bronze lantern.

Amusing Royal Book.

There is at Sandringham a book which contains the weight of every visitor on his arrival at, and his departure from, the Royal residence. But this volume contains, besides the registered weights of all comers, descriptions of their garb, as well as their autographs.

Quick Transit!

A patch of corn four inches high, which must have taken at least twenty days to grow, was found on top of a railway truck-load of coal which arrived recently at the Lago di Garda from Venice. Italian factories are closing because of the delay of the railways in delivering coal and supplies.

Picture Pars.

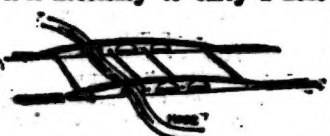
LOOSENING THE BUNG.

In large cellars, where there are hundreds of wine casks, and each one has to be examined individually, every minute saved in the operation is a consideration. Therefore an instrument called a flogger is used. It is a light mallet with a long pliable cane handle, the head being shaped like a double ended wedge. With this the cellar-man gives a smart stroke or two on the chine—quite close to, but not touching, the bung. The concussion loosens the bung, and it can then be taken out without any trouble. When casks have been lying in the cellar for a long period without examination the bungs get tightly fixed in their holes, and but for some such device, they would take some time to remove.



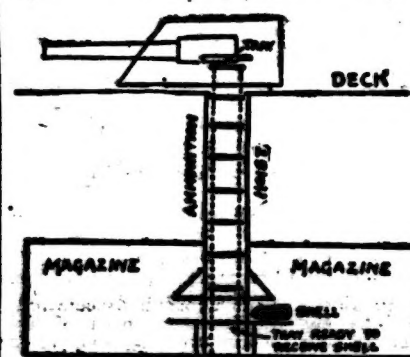
ACROSS THE TRAM LINES.

DURING a fire, when it is necessary to carry a hose across some tram lines without interrupting the traffic, this arrangement is brought into use. It is a raised set of rails with sloping ends. After it has been placed on the ordinary lines the hose is run through one of the spaces. The car can then go over the curving lines without any fear of damaging the hose. On a conduit system of electric trams, however, this device would not be effective.



LOADING A BIG GUN.

THIS is the way in which shot and shell is conveyed to the breech of the deadly weapon which fires it. A number of bluejackets are stationed in the magazines and pass the shells from hand to hand till they reach the tray at the foot of the electrically driven ammunition hoist. The carriers on the hoist are about two feet apart, and are connected by an endless chain. When the shell arrives at the top it is lifted from the carrier to another tray by a miniature hydraulic crane, and from there swung into the breech of the gun.



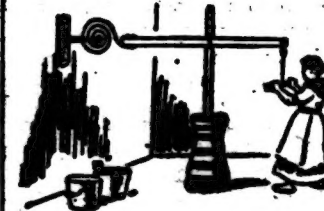
NOT FINISHED.

THE illustration explains one of the many ways in which duty is avoided. At some seaports you can discern lying about the quays lengths of propeller shafting with pieces of rough material left on at the ends. These are foreign-made goods and are imported into Britain at a reduced duty as they are each classed as an "Unfinished Article."



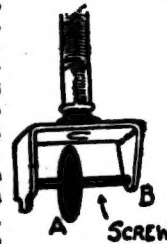
AIDED BY THE SPRING.

In some parts of Ireland churning is done on the following plan: A spring is fixed at one end to a plank in the wall; at the other end is a pole which joins the churning stick. The operator grips the handle of the pole and gives it a hard downward pull. This causes the spring to act and it jerks about the churning stick—which goes by the name of "staff" or "dash." When the spring's motions have somewhat subsided, the handle is given another pull, and so the process continues. The constant movement of the "staff" turns the milk into butter.



MEASURING WINDING ROADS.

WINDING roads or rivers may be accurately measured from a map of any scale by the aid of the little instrument shown here. The wheel A, having been screwed tight against B, is wheeled along the road whose length you wish to ascertain, carefully following all the bends. As it revolves it works its way along the screw, so that by the time you have finished it may be in the centre of the instrument. It is then placed on the scale at the edge of the map and moved forwards again and again until it stops at B. The distance it traverses on the map is the length of the road you have measured. The instrument is perfectly accurate.



What Famous People are Saying.

Earl of Lytton on Love.

SOCIETY is strewn with the wrecks of marriages split upon the rocks of the vulgarisation of love.

Mr. A. W. Gamage on Success.

I CONSIDER it a very grave mistake indeed for any young man to be satisfied with his present position.

Mr. Andrew Lang on Tradition.

As a rule, tradition is the noxious ivy that creeps about historical truth, and needs to be stripped off with a ruthless hand.

Lady Colin Campbell on Girls' Games.

I AM no supporter of rough sports that tend to make women mannish. Any game that causes a girl to be indifferent to her appearance is a mistake.

Emperor William on Mistrustfulness.

Whosoever is mistrustful commits an injustice towards others and harms himself. We are bound to hold every man to be good so long as he does not prove to be otherwise.

Prof. Armstrong on Schools.

IF German schools the drill sergeant is always hovering in the distance; the American school encourages alertness and self-confidence; but English schools, as a rule, encourage nothing.

Sir Frederick Bridge on Singers.

SINGERS who make the most effect are not always the singers with the most magnificent voices. They are the singers who use their brains.

Dr. Emil Reich on Women.

WOMAN excels man in many a point, both intellectually and morally. She is more subtle, more gifted for anticipating things, more apt to feel shades and innuendoes.

Mr. Birrell on Science.

THE jargon of science has, I am afraid, chilled the enthusiasm of many a boy who might have been an Isaac Newton had not his zeal been early quenched by the difficult language.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan on True Happiness.

To live where one likes, to possess one's own soul, to have God's green fields, God's sea and sky at call, and to make unknown friends all over the world—these are the things which make life infinitely worth living.

Mr. Pett Ridge on Happy London Lives.

THE happiest and sunniest lives in London are lived in the £35 a year house in the suburbs. One reason is that the husband is away throughout the day. Moreover, there is generally a baby to be tended and a back garden to be cultivated.

Bright Paragraphs by Bright People.

Bishop of London on a Happy Home.

LET a man be in work and love his wife, and there is not a happier home in all the world than the home of a working man in East London.

Sir A. Mackenzie on Making Things Easy.

I AM not so favourably disposed as many are to make everything smooth for everybody, as it must tend to sap and weaken the fighting power, the ambition to rise.

Sir A. Conan Doyle on Motorists.

ALL motorists who are decent fellows want to help the police against the hooligan—the man who goes flying round corners and has no consideration for other users of the road.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on Theatre-going.

THE feeling of horror and fright of the theatre, engendered at the Restoration, is even to-day widely prevalent and operative among religious classes in England and America.

Prof. Karl Pearson on Education.

EDUCATION is an extremely good thing, but it is no good unless you have good material to work upon. It is no good taking bad steel to the grindstone and expecting anything will come of it.

NATURE SERIES.

The Cuteness of Rats.



By "Gamekeeper."

THERE is no doubt that the more rats associate with man the more cunning they become. By way of proof, you have only to experience how much more difficult it is to trap a house-rat than a rat which has spent all its life in stacks and fields.

I was once annoyed by a rat in my cottage, which, in spite of traps of all descriptions, refused to be laid by the heels. I began to think this rat knew as much about traps as I did.

One evening, however, I had the luck to see him emerge from his favourite hole, at which I had set traps dozens of times in vain. I managed to get between him and his hole, and he took refuge in a pile of wood. "Now, my friend," thought I, "I've got you."

Having posted a sentinel, I fetched a trap and a ferret. The trap I set at the hole, so that it was impossible apparently for Mr. Rat to enter it without falling foul of its jaws.

Ejected by the ferret from the wood-pile, I saw the rat make full-speed, as I expected, for his doom. But as he reached it, he made a marvellous dive, cleared the trap without even throwing it, and left me convinced of a fact which I should never have otherwise believed.

Should you rent one of those charming, old-fashioned farm-houses, and discover it is already tenanted—by rats, it is almost impossible to get rid of them by traps, while ferrets are of little use, and poison has many objections.

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.

The better plan by far is to drive your unwelcome scavengers to seek fresh quarters. In all their runs place caustic soda, which makes the going so unpleasant for their feet that they clear out. Then mix a generous portion of broken glass with cement, with which block up the holes.

The rat-catcher is now rarely met with; perhaps his sine have found him out. One of these old worthies gave a short and true explanation of how to become a successful rat-catcher. His advice was, "Always leave a pair of experienced rats for stock."

Should you call in "professional aid," never allow the removal of the spoil alive. I knew one take-away-alive rat-catcher who took half a sackful of live rats from one estate, and turned them down on the next.

With the exception of foxes, rats possess more instinctive cunning than all creatures of wood and field. This rat-cunning shows itself chiefly in ways and means to protect themselves from their natural enemies.

Inspect a rat-infested hedge, or a hedge used by rats merely as a highway. You will see that their main line always runs exactly along the centre, never deviating, except where stumps and other impenetrable barriers bar the way, which proves undoubtedly that rats are aware that the nearer they are to the middle of a hedge, the safer are they from dogs by day and foxes by night.

A RAT THAT HID IN A BIRD'S NEST.

Rats smell a ferret long before they see it; and, if you are very quiet, a rat will often bolt from a hole yards away before your ferret's tail has disappeared down another. By the way, if on entering a rat-hole your ferret violently waggles his tail, you may be sure that a rat is not far off.

I was ferreting rats in a bank which was so honey-combed with their holes that my dog had no chance, and the situation prevented digging out the rats, which had come to the conclusion that the ferrets were a lesser evil than the waiting dogs. I went away, and, returning in ten minutes, saw no fewer than six large rats perched on the top of the hedge.

I have often seen rats bolt before a ferret and rush up the nearest tree, though there were scores of holes into which they would have dived if I had been using dogs only.

You may chase a rat up and down a hedge, and if it cannot get to ground, it will dodge you among the grass and bushes. It knows it has thus a better chance of escaping a man with a stick than it would on the top of a bramble.

But should you have a dog to help you, and you eject two or three times a rat which has sought an underground shelter, even though you use no ferret, the rat will not be long in deciding that somewhere aloft is his only chance.

The wisest rat I ever met was basking one summer day in an old blackbird's nest five feet from the ground. Here it had evidently passed many days of luxurious ease winking at his passing foes.

EMPERORS OF FOOTBALL.

Men who have Made "Soccer" what it is.

WHEN boasting of the "grand game of British football," and its beneficial effects upon national life, we are rather apt to overlook the men who have made the game what it is—purifying it of all misuses and abuses, creating good, wholesome, well-regulated sport, and encouraging the youth of the country to indulge in it by instituting thousands of minor leagues and competitions.

Perhaps the assertion is scarcely true in the case of Lord Kinnaird, who has been President of the Football Association during the past sixteen years, for his lordship's name is continually before the public in connection with the many charitable schemes in which he is interested. At the same time, the man in the street probably thinks more of Lord Kinnaird's records as a football player than of the legislative work which he has accomplished in the Council Chamber of the Football Association.

He remembers that it was Kinnaird who, in his day, was the most brilliant exponent of Association football in the United Kingdom, who was capable of taking any place in the field, a member of a Cup-winning team on five occasions, and who captained and played for the first two International Scottish teams opposed to England.

Until he was over forty years of age, Lord Kinnaird played regularly, and, even since he became President of the Football Association, he has scarcely missed a season without playing an occasional game. In a word, he is a veteran of veterans, and a worthy chief of football.

It is rather curious that Lord Kinnaird should be assisted in his work as a legislator of the Football Association, by his old opponent in the field, Mr. O. W. Alcock, Secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club, and father of the Football Association.

Mr. Alcock played for the Harrovians when Lord Kinnaird figured in the Eton "soccer" team, and many a tussle for mastery these two had in the days when it was quite legal to hack your opponent's shins as much as you pleased.

For quite a number of years Mr. Alcock conducted the whole of the secretarial business of the Football Association, in addition to which he helped to form the famous Wanderers Club, of which he was captain for several years, and which won the Cup five times. In his day he was among the very first flight of footballers, and captained the English team against Scotland in 1875.

The football king they like to talk about in the North, however, is Mr. J. C. Clegg, who, like Mr. Alcock, is a vice-president of the Football Association. Mr. Clegg, who, by the way, is Chairman of the Football Association, is a native of Sheffield, in which town he holds the important position of Official Receiver in Bankruptcy. His football career dates back to the sixties and seventies, when he played for Sheffield Wednesday, and represented England in the first International.

As an athlete, too, Mr. Clegg had a very distinguished career, and in eight years he won 120 prizes for running, of which at least 100 were firsts. He held the 600 yards amateur record for several years, as well as the quarter-mile.

Mr. Clegg was a popular and clever referee for quite a number of years, as well as a capable administrator in connection with the work of the Association. How highly his services and judgment are valued may be judged from the fact that, in addition to being Chairman of the Football Association, he is also a member of the Emergency Committee, as well as the International Selection Committee.

The Midland kings of football are Mr. Charles Crump, who has been President of the Birmingham Football Association for the past thirty years, and Mr. William McGregor, the founder of the Football League.

Possibly the latter has introduced and carried out more schemes for the benefit of footballers generally, and junior clubs in particular, than any other "soccer" legislator. Amongst his records he can boast of being the President and founder of the Aston Villa Schools' Association, President of the Birmingham Junior Football Association, as well as of the Birmingham Youth and Old Boys' Football Association. He is also a life member of the Aston Villa Football Club, and has held every honorary office except that of President.

He learned his football with the Birmingham Celtic Society thirty years ago, while Mr. Crump did yeoman service for the Stafford Road Club, before he was asked to take an active part in governing the game in the Midlands.

Then, undoubtedly, Mr. F. J. Wall, the secretary of the F.A., Mr. J. J. Bentley, William Pickford, and John Lewis have all earned the right to be entitled kings in the football world.

"I was bound to marry a nobleman or nothing," remarked a girl returning with a foreign husband. "I suppose you got both," said her father, as he made out the cheque for her husband's dowry.

SOME of the most laughable instances of revenge are those which take place on the railway, much simple ingenuity and smartness being shown both by railway servants and the public in getting level with each other for real or fancied wrongs.

How Railwaymen take Revenge.



"Getting Level" on the Line.

A certain Scottish duke, who has been dead for several years, shocked the feelings of the officials of the line by always travelling third class. They looked upon this as quite inexpressibly mean, and, in the hope of curing him of the habit, they one day bribed six sweeps with free tickets and pushed them—soot bags and all—into the compartment in which the Duke was travelling just as the train was moving out of the station.

His Grace did not seem in the least disturbed, nor evince any desire that his grimy fellow-travellers should be either. He merely inquired if they would like a journey back first class, and, receiving a unanimous reply in the affirmative, he procured the tickets when the train reached its destination.

With five shillings and a ticket in his hand, each sweep was ushered by the Duke into a separate compartment of a train that was just steaming out. On the arrival of the train the officials nearly had a fit when they saw the six grinning sweeps alighting from six different first-class compartments. Henceforward they left his Grace severely alone.

ALWAYS TRAVELLING WITHOUT A TICKET.

For years the railway companies of this country have been pestered with the eccentricities of a woman who has an incurable mania for travelling—at the companies' expense. She has travelled without a ticket all over the various systems, and has been known to make a couple of journeys to London from Crewe in the course of a single day.

She has been prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned time after time, but without curing her of this extraordinary craze for being whirled about the country in railway trains. More than once the officials have turned the tables on her by detaching the carriage in which she had been found and shunting it on to a lonely siding, an ingenious act of revenge which, while putting her to some inconvenience, has failed to put an end to her travels.

This curious instance of railway revenge recalls to mind the very neat way in which two suspects on an Australian line got even with a couple of detectives who had been put on their track. It appears that liquor regularly dispatched by a certain Victorian goods train had been so often broached on the journey that, with a view to the detection of the culprits, the detectives were concealed in the covered truck containing a consignment of the seductive beverages.

But somehow or other the guard and engine driver of the train became aware of the presence of the pair of watchers, and played their cards accordingly. On coming to a siding between two walls they ran the liquor and detective-laden truck on to it, afterwards marking the truck in chalk, in regulation form: "Journals (axles) heated."

MADE THE DETECTIVES PRISONERS.

As the truck doors only opened outwards, which the two walls prevented, the detectives were thus made fast prisoners, and, this train being the last for the night, the station-master on the spot went off to bed, and the detectives were not discovered until noon next day, when the truck was shunted on to the next goods train for conveyance to its destination.

But occasionally railway revenge takes a much more mischievous form. This was so in the case of a conductor on the Central London (Electric) Railway. For some reason or other, the company had given him notice to quit their service, and he determined to make things as uncomfortable as possible before he left.

Accordingly, he started to put on the emergency brake between the various stations on the line when there was not the least necessity for so doing, and thus bringing the train almost to a standstill. Then he would suddenly release the brake, causing the train to dash as suddenly forward at an alarming rate.

But he did this once too often, for as it was approaching the Bank Station the train ran so quickly that an accident seemed inevitable. Fortunately, however, this was just averted, though only at the expense of disarranging the whole system.

For this extraordinary conduct the conductor was arraigned before the magistrate at the Bow Street Police-court, where he was mulcted in a fine of £10, or a month in default, which it is to be hoped brought the enormity of his wrong-doing home to his mind.

You can start the \$500 a Year for Life contest to-day by sending for the first four sets of pictures.

My Notebook.

Should This Man
Propose? No!

CARPENTER says: "I am in this state: should the man who is in love with a woman, but is not in a position to marry, and who has no idea when he will be, tell her of his love, or should he keep silent?"

I think he ought not to tell her. It isn't fair to the girl. If she accepts him under such conditions she certainly loves him. It's folly nearly always to marry too hurriedly. Once in a while it turns out all right. Invariably it does not. When it doesn't, misery comes.

To marry for love and chance it is a fairly romantic undertaking—if it turns out all right. But marriage is the biggest enterprise any two people have ever to undertake together and they ought to conduct it with sense.

If a man has something near and tangible in the way of prospects, and it means an engagement of only a year or two, that's all right. If a man can get a mortgage on a nice young woman's affections, then let him do it by all means. But an indefinite engagement isn't fair. It's all wrong.

The man who asks for an indefinite engagement becomes a coward. He throws the responsibility of choice upon the woman. He binds her to a heart-wearingly, heart-breaking suspense. He is secure in his selfishness.

Long engagements are foolish and are bad mentally and physically. And there is always this important fact in them to study, and to study very carefully. An engagement is far more trying to the constancy of people than is marriage. Women get peevish. Men get jealous and exacting. And women lose their good looks quicker than men, once the persistent worry of a thing takes firm hold. The man, seeing that, looks around for a prettier girl.

These are just a few rambling remarks, and I fear I have expressed myself not quite so convincingly as I would wish. I would like to know what the readers of this paper think. Will you please let me know? Confine yourself to two hundred words and send not later than December 10th, marking your envelope "Engagement." I will give two prizes of half a guinea each and some consolation gifts to those who send me the best letters.

Something New in
Competitions.

There is an interesting literary competition for those who care to go in for it. We are all tired of the eternal newspaper discussions: "Which is your favourite book?" "Who is your favourite author?" "Who is your favourite hero or heroine?"

I am going to suggest something new in this direction. Will men please fill in as follows: If you were a bachelor, which heroine of fiction would you like to marry? Which heroine would you most like to meet at a dance? Which one would you prefer to take with you on a picnic? Which one would you prefer your greatest enemy should marry?

Then ask some lady friend to answer the same questions, taking heroes instead. I will give a prize of a guinea to the reader who sends me the most interesting set of replies not later than December 17th.

Some characters in fiction would be interesting acquaintances one way and not another. Quip would be very interesting in the smokeroom with his feet upon the mantelpiece, but he would be inconceivable at a nice tea party. It would be delightful to interview Bill Sikes at a street corner in broad daylight, and with a policeman within easy call. It would not be very entertaining to have Mr. Sikes interview you in your bedroom at midnight by the aid of a dark lantern. You will remember on the other hand that David Copperfield on one occasion dined entirely off Dora; ate and drank nothing but Dora.

Don't lend your Books
without a Deposit.

TALKING about books, a reader asks whether he is boorish and selfish in refusing to lend his books to a friend. He says he loves his books, and this particular friend is a man who seldom returns them, dog-eats them, and stands his tea-cup on them.

My reader is wise in not lending his books to such a man. I remember that James Payn once related that he suffered from the book borrower, then he adopted this method: he had the price of his books pencilled in plain figures on the first page. When any one asked

for the loan of a book, he replied, "Yes, with pleasure. I see the price of the work is 16s. You may take it at this figure, which will, of course, be refunded when the volume is returned unsoiled."

That was very fair. Only how few of us have either the methodical habits or moral courage for these heroic measures.

When a Father Should
Send his Son Away.

A FATHER writes as follows: "Would you please advise me under the following distressing circumstances? I have a family of five: three girls and two boys. My eldest child, a boy of seventeen, has become a terror to me. He drinks and gambles. He can never keep a situation for long, and by his overbearing, brutal way he makes this house a perfect inferno. I should hesitate to tell you of all the things I think him capable, and of the complaints I have had made against him. He is gradually undermining the other children's morals, and his mother is to him nothing better than the dust under his feet. I have tried to do many things for him, but they have all failed. What can you advise?"

If I were the father of such a boy I should send him out to seek his own regeneration. I should give him what I could afford. If I were a poor man and could only give him five or ten pounds I should give him that and bid him depart. I should close my door to him firmly and in sorrow. And yet because of one lost soul I should rejoice because I had saved four others.

Every father must be a magistrate in his own family circle. If the father has ideals of right and morality he must exercise them. He is an unjust man and a bad parent if he does not. He has a duty not to himself, nor to the erring one to perform only. He has a duty to his four other children. It is better to lose one child than to lose five. The surgeon amputates the hopelessly diseased leg to save the healthy body. A father must act entirely on this principle.

But he has this hope. With the future fight for life in his own hands, with the knowledge of want and starvation as taskmasters, the prodigal may get a sharper and a quicker lesson as to his folly than any parental teaching could give. That happens frequently.

The father should not send his son away in anger. He should not add that extra sorrow to his own mind's burden. Nor should he terrify the younger children by too much austerity, nor make them hate or fear him because of a seeming cruelty. But A FATHER must act judicially and firmly at once, otherwise some day some judge may act harshly.

The Self-Help Club.

I WANT to draw your attention to a new feature which has just started in SMITH'S WEEKLY. Recommended slowly, but is now meeting with enormous success. That is the way with most good things.

The good thing in question is a SELF-HELP CLUB for young men.

SMITH'S WEEKLY, as some of you may know, is quite a helpful kind of paper. It is teaching tens of thousands of young men to better their position in life, showing them how to get bigger salaries, and do better and more work. It does not do this in a didactic, schoolmasterly way. It tries to get hold of the heart and the mind and the sympathies of a man and pull out the good and the energy and the ambition in him. SMITH'S WEEKLY tries to make a man exploit himself.

The Self-Help Club just formed is a further step in that direction. It doesn't cost you anything, neither in entrance fee nor yearly subscription. If you are a young man the Self-Help Club puts you in personal touch, or in correspondence, with other young men who are trying to work and proceed along the same lines that you are working and proceeding along.

Two men, unknown to one another at the moment, get to know one another, and because they have the same ideals and ambitions, and the same outlook into life, they become mutually helpful to one another because of their fellow feeling. Already the Self-Help Club is having good results. It must have better if it is taken seriously and intelligently.

If the reader of this is a youngster, or the father or mother of a youngster, it will be worth while to give the Self-Help Club serious consideration. Your own wit and intelligence and originality will then tell you how to make the most use of it. Send your name and address and occupation to the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY. In addition to that, read the full particulars of the Self-Help Club.

PETER KEARY (Mr. Notebook).

FOREIGN KINGS WHO RULE BRITISH REGIMENTS.

The Tsar may Shout "Scotland for Ever."

THE interesting little ceremony, which took place in Denmark the other day, when good King Christian, brother of our beloved Queen Alexandra, was formally installed as colonel-in-chief of the gallant Buffs, East Kent Regiment, comes as a reminder that not a few of our British troops can boast of having the foremost monarchs of Europe as their commanders.

The military Kaiser Wilhelm II., for instance, is colonel of our 1st Royal Dragoons; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is the chief of the King's Dragoon Guards.

The Tsar, were he to lead the Scots Greys, shouting "Scotland for ever!" after the manner of their celebrated charge on the plains of Waterloo, would not be out of place, for is he not honorary colonel of Caledonia's only cavalry regiment?

King Edward's good friend, the King of Portugal, again, is a British infantryman, being associated with the Oxfordshire Light Infantry; while volunteers may claim King Haakon of Norway as one of themselves, since the Viking King is honorary colonel of the Norfolk Yeomanry.

The Seaforth Highlanders must also be numbered among the regiments with a foreign potentate as their head. Their colonel is H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; and it is interesting to note that the gay Seaforths are officially known as the "Duke of Albany's Own," this designation being derived from the British title held by His Royal Highness.

KING EDWARD'S MANY COMMANDS.

With so many foreign emperors and kings associated with our army, it is scarcely surprising that our own royalties should be in receipt of honorary commissions from the Continent.

King Edward, for example, is Field-marshal of both the German and the Austrian armies. The 1st Prussian Dragoon Guards pay homage to him as their chief, and he is also honorary colonel of the 6th Pomeranian Hussars. In Russia, too, King Edward is recognised as a cavalry leader, his name being linked with the 27th Dragoons, while the may wear the uniform of the 19th Austrian Hussars, and also of the Danish Hussars of the Guard, whenever occasion arises.

His Majesty's latest appointment is that of General of the Norwegian forces, an honour conferred on him by his royal son-in-law, King Haakon, during his recent visit to England.

The Prince of Wales cannot be said to have accumulated many Continental military honours as yet, for he is only Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Prussian Guards. However, the abilities of his soldier uncle, the Duke of Connaught, have been recognised by Prussia, Austria, and Russia, in whose respective cavalry he has been appointed to positions of importance.

THE SELF-HELP CLUB.

What It Is and What It Means To Do.

The Self-Help Club is an institution organised by SMITH'S WEEKLY for the purpose of enabling its members to communicate with one another for their mutual benefit.

The advantages of membership are that: It supplies you with the names and addresses of other readers in the same line of business who are anxious to correspond with you.

The result of such correspondence enables you to get into touch with congenial people who will assist you.

It will enable you to obtain any information you may require from the staff of experts specially retained by the Editor of the paper.

Why You Should Join.

No one ought to be thoroughly satisfied with his position. He should be anxious to get on in the world. To do this, the best possible way is to broaden his knowledge by contact with others in the same line of business. This, as you are now situated, is no doubt a difficult matter, as you probably have very few friends who take an intelligent interest in your work. By sending your name, address, and trade or business to the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY you may obtain in return the names and addresses of other readers in sympathy with you. If possible, these names and addresses will be those of readers in your district. If at present no such names and addresses are available, those of people living in other parts of the country will be sent you. You can then start corresponding and deriving benefit from each other's knowledge.

There is no charge whatever made for entering the Self-Help Club.

Address all your communications to P. K., care of SMITH'S WEEKLY, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

You can start the \$500 a Year for Life contest to-day by sending for the first four sets of pictures.



There is Still
Living a Princess
who Could
Lay Claim to the
British Throne.

"There are enough exiled monarchs in Europe without my being added to the number," King George of Greece is reported to have said, when he refused to follow the advice of certain counsellors to adopt a policy counter to the wishes of his people. The statement seems startling, but a little inquiry shows that there is considerable truth in the remark, for exiled Kings and Queens are more numerous in Europe than most people would imagine.

At the present moment, for example, one of the most important of German problems is the status of the Duke of Cumberland.

Students of history know that when Queen Victoria succeeded William IV., the German possessions of the Royal family passed to her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who thereupon became known as King of Hanover. As luck would have it, the Cumberland family chose the losing side in the wars with which Bismarck convulsed mid-Europe during last century, and were driven from their German kingdom by the conquering Prussians.

With the recent death of the Regent of Brunswick, the question of the Hanoverian Succession has been once more opened, with the result that the Kaiser has made the momentous announcement that nothing less than complete submission to Prussian rule must be made by the present Duke of Cumberland, ere he can be restored to a responsible post in Germany.

MEN WHO WANT TO RULE FRANCE.

France, republic though it may be, has monarchical problems too.

On the one hand are the Royalists, who contend that only the restoration of the old line of kings in the person of the Duke of Orleans, not unknown to Englishmen, will bring the millennium to the nation. On the other hand are the Imperialists who dream of a revival of the glories of the First Empire by the enthronement of some member of the Napoleon family, such as Prince Victor, or Prince Louis, who are descended from Jerome, youngest brother of the Man of Destiny.

Fortunately for the peace of mind of our neighbours, the present Republic, though the changes in the ministry have been exceptionally numerous, seems to be more firmly established than former governments, and the immediate chances of a coup d'état, by either Royalist or Imperialist are extremely small.

Talking of France, the lady in Europe who in these days excites probably more interest and sympathy than any other is she who not so very long ago was Empress of the French.

Since then the ex-Empress Eugénie has witnessed many changes in life. She has seen her husband, the ill-fated Napoleon III., sink beneath the disasters that overwhelmed his empire, and her last great sorrow was the death of her only son, the Prince Imperial, who was slain by a Zulu assegai in South Africa almost thirty years ago.

A LONELY QUEEN.

A similar lonely figure in Europe, who once occupied a throne, is Natalie, ex-Queen of Servia. Time was when she, a Russian colonel's daughter, was the bride of the gay King Milan. But the marriage proved unhappy. She and her husband parted, and only the other year she suffered the severe shock of learning of the brutal assassination of her only son, Alexander I., by insurgents, who thus opened the way for the enthronement of the present King Peter.

The neighbouring kingdom of Bulgaria has also been in trouble over its rulers. For a time the outlook seemed prosperous for the nation under the able administration of Alexander I., Prince of Battenberg. But intrigues were at work, and Alexander, like many another sagacious monarch, was compelled to abdicate.

His successor was the present King Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, who, it is curious to note, accepted the throne in opposition to the wishes of the Powers of Europe.

The internecine wars waged in Italy during last century, which resulted in a united kingdom with Victor Emmanuel as sovereign, saw not a few of the petty princelings dethroned or deprived of territory which they had misgoverned.

To the people of this country the most acceptable of these changes was that whereby Francis II., King of the two Sicilies, and son of Ferdinand II., the notorious "Bomba," was banished. It was the atrocities in this kingdom that led Gladstone to pen his celebrated Italian letters, which roused not only Britain but Europe with indignation.

The doyen of exiled monarchs, or Royal pretenders, it need hardly be said, is Don Carlos of Spain. His history as a pretender is now a very long one, for it was in 1872 that he first fought for the Spanish throne. The previous monarch had been his grand-uncle, Ferdinand VII., and as the deceased king's only child was a maiden, Don Carlos made a bold bid for the throne.

However, the supporters of the young Queen Isabella proved too many for him, and ultimately drove him beyond the Pyrenees.

In spite of the fact that the country for a time was under feminine rule, and that there was an exceptionally long regency, while the present King Alfonso was a minor, Don Carlos has been able to make practically no progress with his claims, from which it may be gathered that his cause is now more hopeless than ever.

Talking of the Spaniards introduces us to Mexico, and to the terrible revolution which marked the annals of that country some forty years ago. An empire had been founded there, and young Maximilian, brother of the present Emperor of Austria, was induced to take up the reins of government. All seemed to go well for a time; when suddenly revolution burst over the land, and Maximilian was captured and shot.

WORRIED INTO MADNESS.

Meantime his poor wife had rushed off to Europe to procure assistance from the Powers, but the trials and worries she was called upon to endure proved too much for her mental faculties. Her reason gave way; and of all the melancholy spectacles of modern Europe, there is surely none more sad than that of the imbecile ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico.

Brazil, too, has known and dispensed with empire; and to-day in the French army is a gallant officer who may yet be able to style himself Emperor of Brazil. The history of empire in this South American country is rather unique.

When the French over-ran the Peninsula a hundred years ago, the King of Portugal and his household sought and found a refuge in the nation's South American colonies. After the expulsion of the French by Wellington, His Majesty returned to Lisbon, but left the Crown Prince behind as viceroy, so to speak. The Brazilians, who were delighted with the young man, persuaded him to break off allegiance with his father, and he thenceforth became known to the world as Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil.

His reign could scarcely be called a happy one, for in the end he was compelled to abdicate, and his son, Dom Pedro II., reigned in his stead.

A SOLDIER WHO MAY RULE BRAZIL.

Nor was the latter more successful than his father, for, in 1889, he was swept aside by revolution, and the present republic was formed. Dom Pedro II. is now no more, and it is his grandson, who is an officer in France. Though Brazil has now been republican for some years, it is certain that there is a goodly proportion of the population who would not object to a restoration of the empire, so that the future may have interesting events in store for that young soldier.

Such are some of the exiled monarchs or pretenders to thrones who are to be found in Europe; and were the list extended to include the dusky potentates in British and foreign colonies who have been deposed, it would be a formidable one indeed.

However, to conclude, it may be news to many to learn that Britain has also her exiled monarch, in the person of a lady, to whom ultra-Jacobites pay homage at times as Queen Mary.

In Continental circles she is Maria Theresa, wife of H.R.H. Prince Louis of Bavaria, and she is also an Archduchess of Austria in her own right. King Edward is associated with the old House of Stuart through a daughter of James I., but the Princess Louis of Bavaria stands nearer the main line, in that she is descended from a daughter of Charles I.

Be that as it may, the Princess is effectually barred from the succession by the celebrated Act of Settlement, by which the present popular reigning family are confirmed on the throne.

£10 For a Story.

In order to encourage those who write stories we will give a prize of £10 to the author who sends us before the closing date what we consider to be the best story, not exceeding 2,500 words in length.

All manuscripts must be typewritten. Each competitor may send us as many attempts as he or she likes.

The Editor has the right to use any of the stories, for which payment will be made.

All manuscripts considered unsuitable for publication will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. But the Editor will not take responsibility for loss of or damage to manuscripts.

The closing date is Monday, January 7th, 1907.

Envelopes should be addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked with the words "Ten Pound Story" in the top left-hand corner.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

An Opportunity for You to Do Good.

In order to make Christmas a really happy time for little alum dwellers, the Poor Children's Yule Tide Association has hit upon a delightful scheme. Put very briefly, the object is to provide Christmas trees, Christmas presents, and Christmas gaiety for those very poor little children of the mean streets, who, failing this, will taste nothing of the pleasures and the bounty, the good will and the happiness, which we should like all children to associate with the birthday of the Founder of Christianity.

Now, charitable institutions of all kinds are very rightly and properly remembered by the generous at Christmas time. But the children of the poorest slums, who have no concern with any institution—these poor innocents are apt to be overlooked during the festive season. But they needn't be if you are willing to help the Poor Children's Yule Tide Association.

A number of generous people have shown their practical approval of the Association's scheme by promising valuable prizes for competition. The proprietors of the GRAPHIC, DAILY GRAPHIC, and BRISTOL, Messrs. Liberty and Co., Messrs. Hamley Bros., the proprietors of the GENTLEMAN, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Messrs. Kodak, Messrs. Elkington and Co. have all offered a dozen prizes, ranging in value from £7 to 10s., for the best and biggest collection of rag books, for the most artistically arranged scrap books, for the best collection of "Knockabout Toys," and such-like matters of childish import.

And on Dec. 18th a grand Christmas Tree Party will be held at the Portman Rooms, when all gifts sent in, all competition toys, books, etc., will be exhibited upon a perfect forest of Christmas trees before being dispatched to the poor children who are to be made happy by them.

Gifts of dolls, toys, garments, games, sweets, or anything of that sort will be most gratefully acknowledged by the secretary, Mr. P. S. Druff, of Byron House, Fleet Street, London, E.C., who will be very pleased to send full particulars of the scheme to any reader who will apply to him. Parents are earnestly asked to tell their children of the scheme, to interest them in it, to arrange that they shall enter the competitions, and help them to do so. Men and women with kindly hearts and good will towards poor little children are earnestly asked not to put this matter from their minds until they have sent in a subscription, large or small, to help on this really admirable scheme. Contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of the *LONDON DAILY EXPRESS*, and should be addressed to—

Poor Children's Yule Tide Association,
Byron House,
Fleet Street,
London, E.C.

The time is short, the cause is as good as a cause could be. Please contribute at once.

He: "Oh, I'm no idiot."

She: "Perhaps not. But what an excellent understudy you would make."

TEACHER: "Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

Johnny: "No, mum. I heard pa say the map of the world was changin' every day, and I thought I'd wait a few years till things get settled."

"Star of my life," whispered the love-lorn youth. "And what would you call me?" asked the beautiful girl.

"Venus—bewitching, entrancing Venus."

"But I would rather be Saturn."

"Why, my fair one?"

"Because Saturn gets a new ring occasionally."

A SMART DECISION.

YEARS ago, in a small village, two men quarrelled about a five-pound note, which one (William Smith) had lent to the other (John Brown). The latter declared that he had repaid the money, which Smith denied.

At length the matter was referred to a certain wise man who lived near. After hearing their stories he saw Brown alone.

"Now, will you," he asked, "for the sake of peace, pay William Smith £2?"

"Yes; certainly I will," returned Brown. Smith now appeared before Solomon, who asked him if he would accept £2 in lieu of the £5 for the sake of peace and quietness.

"No, I will not," said Smith. "I lent Brown £5, and £5 I must have back."

In a few minutes Solomon delivered judgment.

"William Brown has not paid John Smith the £5 he borrowed, and I counsel him to do so now."

"How do you know, sir?" inquired Brown, in bewilderment.

"I knew," said the wise man, "that though you might be a rogue, you were not a fool, and only a fool would pay £7 when he owed £5."

You can start the £500 a Year for Life contest to-day by sending for the first four sets of pictures.

Why We Prefer Child Patients.

By Miss HALLIDAY

(Matron, Royal Waterloo Hospital for Sick Children and Women).

CHILDREN are certainly delightful patients, but at the same time there are some respects in which from a hospital nurse's point of view they do not compare favourably with adult invalids.

To begin with, they require far more attention and give far more trouble than their elders, not only on account of their natural helplessness, but because of their innate mischievousness, which will break out even in sickness.

A sister in a children's ward must have eyes not only in the back of her head, but, Argus-like, all over her. For let her relax her vigilance for even an instant, and chaos will probably be the result—Master Brokenleg will be investigating his splints, Miss Ophthalmia will have torn off her shade, and half the tiny occupants of the ward will be endeavouring to commit suicide over the edges of their cots.

And so sick children must never be left unguarded for a moment, and this means a considerable strain upon the nursing staff.

Then a sick child's hold on life is so feeble that the nurse is kept throughout at the highest pitch of anxiety and tension; she must ever be ready to deal promptly and effectively with each crisis that may rise suddenly and unexpectedly as squalls at sea, and an instant's hesitation or lack of knowledge may have fatal results.

CHILDREN SO QUICKLY FORGET.

Then I should say that one of the greatest joys of a nurse's life is the gratitude of her patients, and one misses that with children. I do not mean that they are not most grateful and loving whilst in hospital—perhaps more so than the average adult; but how soon they forget one altogether once they have left. It is inevitable, but none the less it hurts; and one's natural distress at parting with some mite who has stolen into one's heart is heightened by the suspicion, if not the knowledge, that he is going back to some wretched home where he will be neglected, ill-fed, perhaps beaten. Yes, truly a sick children's nurse has a most trying, arduous, and in some respects thankless task to perform.

Yet there must be great compensations, or competition would not be so keen as it is amongst nurses to get into children's wards.

Chief amongst these alleviations of the sick children's nurses' lot I should place the fact that her small charges do not worry.

A nurse dreads a worrying patient far more than she does a violent, bad-tempered, or even I've-made-up-my-mind-to-die one, and yet it is seldom that the adult invalid does not worry about something—his business, his home, his children, his chances of recovery, and so on. And worry, I am sure, has killed far more people than disease. But children, happily for themselves and their nurses, do not worry, or very, very seldom.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO WORRIED.

In all my experience I have only once come across a genuine case of worry in a child, a girl of eight years of age. She was brought in badly hurt as the result of having been run over in the street, and when she had been attended to and had recovered from the anæsthetic I went to see how she was getting on.

To my surprise, for children usually take things so very much as they come, I found her crying and evidently in the greatest distress. I asked her what was the matter—was she in pain or what? "Oh, no, miss," she sobbed, "but I must go 'ome at once, and this 'ere lydy"—indicating the nurse in charge—says I must go. Oh, I must go, I must go."

"But why do you want to go, dear?" I said, "you will be quite happy and comfortable here, and have plenty to eat and dolls and books to play with."

"Oh, I must go, miss, I must go," she wailed, "owever will muvver and the kids manage if I ain't there to look arter 'em!"

Poor little "mother"; all the time she was with us she never ceased worrying about "muvver an' the kids." Closely allied to worry is the dread with which adult patients regard an approaching operation.

It is a foolish, yet a very real dread, and even strong, courageous men will lie awake "grizzling," as they say in Scotland, because the morrow means an operation.

But children have not this anticipatory fear; as already said, they take things as they come, and they do not know like their elders that an operation must come sooner or later, nor can they guess when it is imminent. It is so easy to deceive a child as to the true meaning of certain preparations; and, moreover, they are so quickly sent into a dreamless "dreamland" that as often as not a child is operated upon without its having the faintest idea that any-

thing of the kind has taken place.

I remember one precocious little boy who in some unfortunate way learned that he was to be operated upon the next day, and cried himself to sleep.

When I next saw him he was sitting up in his cot and crying, "I don't want no nasty 'nopation,' I don't want no nasty 'nopation,'" quite unconscious of the fact that the 'nopation' was safely over.

Still, if children, as a rule, escape the adult's mental agony before an operation they suffer perhaps as acutely in another way. For, poor little souls, they have to be starved beforehand—at least to the extent of one meal—and to a child, such as we get, who is probably having a sufficiency of proper food for the first time in its life, the deprivation of its breakfast or its dinner seems to its misunderstanding mind a most rank and crying injustice.

To the virtues of children as patients, I must add their capacity for being easily amused and for amusing themselves, characteristics which are often lacking in the adult.

I do not wish to make this an opportunity for begging, but I do wish more people would realize not only what a delight, but what a splendid medicine to sick children who probably have never possessed a toy in their small lives.

In conclusion, children as patients undoubtedly give more trouble than adults, but that extra trouble to us who nurse them is more than repaid by the thought that we help to restore to health those in whose hands the future of the nation lies, to say nothing of the joy which every woman worthy of the name must feel in helping those who cannot help themselves.

Louisa Halliday

CONTRIBUTOR: "You see, I followed your rules and wrote only on one side of the paper."

Editor: "You can do still better."

Contributor (eagerly): "How?"

Editor: "Don't write on either side."

"PAPA," said a little boy, "ought the master to punish me for what I did not do?"

"Certainly not, my boy," replied the father.

"Well," said the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."

"Look here," remarked a violinist resentfully, "you were talking all through my solo."

"Oh, don't worry about that," replied the man addressed. "I assure you, I wasn't saying anything that you would particularly want to hear."

CLERK: "I've been in your employ now going on five years, and I am getting the same salary I started with."

Proprietor: "I know it; but every time I've made up my mind to cut you down or discharge you something has reminded me of your wife and little ones at home, and so I just couldn't do it. There, my boy, you see I have a heart as well as a head."

FLOODS WITHOUT WATER.

THE remarkable whisky flood at Glasgow the other day, when 120,000 gallons of spirit ran raging through the streets, sweeping horses and men before it and wrecking buildings, recalls a similar strange occurrence that startled London on October 17th, 1814.

Only in this latter case the liquid causing the calamity was not whisky, but beer. A vat at Meux's Brewery, in the Tottenham Court Road, said to be the largest in the world, burst, and let free nine thousand gallons. Several lives were lost, and quite a number of houses were destroyed or damaged.

The alluring inundation covered Oxford Street three feet deep, and as soon as the first panic had subsided the poorer inhabitants of the district flocked from all quarters, carrying vessels of every kind, which they filled and emptied, and filled again. That night saw such an orgy of drunkenness as never was seen since London was London. Mr. Meux was in despair, and Parliament, pitying him, passed a special Act to relieve him from the payment of the excise duty on his lost beer.

Another out-of-the-common flood was that which destroyed Titusville, Oil City, and other towns and villages in the "Petrolia" district of Pennsylvania in June, 1892. A vast tank in the first-named place, containing nearly one million gallons of crude petroleum, collapsed, and involved others in its ruin. The oil flood submerged the entire town, destroying scores of houses and drowning 350 persons.

It then swept down the valley, tank after tank going down before it, and each, of course, adding to the gross volume of the oily flood, until it reached Oil City, eighteen miles distant. Here the loss of life was not so great, the inhabitants having been warned by telephone of what was coming to them; but practically the entire place was laid in ruins, the damage being estimated at £600,000.

THE ROMANCE OF PICTURE-DEALING.

How Bargains Can be Picked Up in Auction-Rooms.

EVERY now and again a sensational paragraph goes the round of the newspapers telling of some remarkable "find" of an old masterpiece of art, hidden in an out-of-the-way place, an old curiosity shop, a country house, a marine-store dealer, or among the dusty belongings of a recently deceased recluse or miser.

But few persons have any idea how constantly such bargains are being secured, even in the ordinary picture-dealing business in auction-rooms.

Of course, the regular and recognised picture-dealers are a very close though informal trades union, having a keen scent for anything valuable, and making it almost impossible for an outsider to secure a great bargain at the large "swell" sales. But even they are sometimes caught napping, and let slip a choice canvas of great worth. In the sacred circle of "Christie's" sale-room the watchful amateur who patiently bides his time, and resists all attempts to be rushed, will get his reward.

Some years ago, on a Saturday afternoon in the winter, there came very suddenly a heavy fall of snow, which quickly made London streets very unpleasant. This kept away from the famous sale-room the private wealthy buyers, leaving only an unusually small ring of dealers and one or two amateurs to bid for a long list of fine pictures.

HUSTLING THE AUCTIONEER.

A small picture by a famous artist of the Victorian school was put up. Bidding was very slow; an amateur bid three pounds for it, and the auctioneer let fall the hammer. Within a fortnight a Bond Street dealer advertised for examples (among other painters) of this very artist, as he was arranging an exhibition of pictures of that period. The buyer of the picture answered the advertisement, and sold it for more than four times its cost. Not bad for an amateur, that!

On another occasion, in a sale-room not far from Marlborough House, there was an auction of miscellaneous household goods proceeding; the pictures numbering only a score or so, and the remainder being antique silver goods with various bric-à-brac.

For the silver, there was a little knot of eager buyers, mainly of the Hebrew persuasion.

Impatient to get to their special business, they contrived to hustle the auctioneer—generally a very cool, unruffled man—to hurry over the first thirty or forty lots.

A HUNDRED TIMES THE ORIGINAL COST.

Among these, a pair of small canvases horribly begrimed were put up, and only a few shillings being bidden by an innocent stranger, they were quickly knocked down to him. Within ten minutes of his purchase, someone in the room offered him five pounds for his bargain; this made him instantly scent a "find," and he doggedly refused to sell. After cleaning and restoring, they proved to be a pair of lovely landscapes by Thomas Creswick, R.A., and to-day they adorn the walls of the house of a London M.P., who gladly paid for them a hundred times what they originally cost, and congratulates himself that he has secured both an art treasure and a fine bargain.

Sometimes the good luck of the buyer, however, means sore loss to the poor artist and a whole tragedy of heart-break and disappointment.

In a sale-room not far from Piccadilly, a good-sized picture, recently brought from a public exhibition where it had failed to sell, was put up for auction with a crowd of others. Bidding was very slow, but at last twenty-five shillings was offered, and to the utter amazement of the bidder, he was declared the buyer. The frame alone was worth at least four pounds!

FAKING THE CANVASES.

On turning round the picture, there at the back, was the artist's title written, and the price he had fixed upon it for sale at the exhibition—"thirty guineas." Probably, in annoyance at not selling it, he had sent it to the sale-room, and neglected to put a reserve upon it. When the expenses and commission for sale were paid, only a few shillings, if anything, would remain to him.

But let it not be supposed that all is gold that glitters here. There is no place where the auction-shark and his confederates are more deadly in their deception than in some picture sale-rooms in leading London thoroughfares. The "faking" of canvases is simply marvellous in character, and unlimited in variety. A large picture bought for £15, and described as an oil-painting turned out to be a cheap oleograph upon which a Wardour Street painter had put a few high-lights in oil colours.

Threats of exposure were successful in getting the money returned to the buyer, as these gentry cannot afford to be brought before either the magistrate or the County Court judge. But for one person who dares to confront these modern brigands, a score will suffer themselves to be fleeced rather than make a stir.

You can start the £500 a Year for Life contest to-day by sending for the first four sets of pictures.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

TOYS OF FATE.

A Human Drama Written by STACEY BLAKE.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

JIM ELICOTT decides to kill himself. His *fancie*, Muriel Danebridge, has returned his ring; and the firm in which all his money is invested has become insolvent.

With this idea in view, he commences clearing up his affairs. There is the five hundred pounds he owes Israel Zorzi, the moneylender. He contracted the debt by being bound for a friend. It would never be paid now.

Then Ellicott remembers he has lent his revolver to his old friend Vincent Hartley. So he buys a new one.

He writes to Muriel telling her of his intention. Just as he is finishing his arrangements Vincent Hartley calls. With white face and bloodless lips, he confesses that he has killed Israel Zorzi.

The moneylender, it appeared, after dunning him at his club, had waylaid him on Hampstead Heath. Words had come to blows. Zorzi brought out a knife, whereupon Hartley drew a revolver and shot him. Then he flung the weapon away and fled. And it was Ellicott's revolver that now lay waiting for the police to find on Hampstead Heath.

When Hartley hears that Ellicott intends to kill himself, he implores him to take the blame of Zorzi's murder upon his shoulders.

Ellicott agrees to do it, and he writes Hartley a letter in which he takes upon himself the crime. It is written on his own peculiar green notepaper. Exulting at his new lease of life, Hartley runs out to post it.

Meanwhile, Muriel, who in sending back the ring has been influenced by her aunt, hears of Jim's terrible misfortune. She now realises that he alone fills her heart.

So she writes to him and pleads for the return of her ring. Will he meet her at Lady Brooksbank's reception that night? Needless to say, on receipt of this letter, Jim does not commit suicide.

Instead, he goes to the reception. When he meets Muriel he forgets the existence of everyone else, and together they go to a secluded nook, where he hears what he has already read, from Muriel's own lips.

Then falls the bolt from the blue. Vincent Hartley appears and is thunderstruck at seeing Ellicott still alive.

Jim leaves Muriel for a moment and explains to his friend that, owing to circumstances altering, he cannot keep his agreement. But this doesn't do for Hartley; he refuses point blank to release Jim from his promise, and says he intends to keep the incriminating letter.

As Jim attempts to enter his flat that night Vincent Hartley stuns him with a sand-bag. Thinking he has killed him he makes it appear as though Jim had committed suicide.

But Jim recovers, and by a strategy he obtains the green envelope. When he gets home he anxiously opens it. Instead of finding inside the letter that means so much to him, he only discovers a blank piece of paper, and in his agony he collapses to the ground. For Hartley, being afraid to trust the letter to the post, had inserted a piece of paper in its stead.

Next morning Hartley expects the green envelope, but is disappointed. All the same, he rings up Scotland Yard on the telephone and tells them that Ellicott has written him a strange confession. A detective named Nall visits him, and together they go to Jim's abode. Nall forces open the door, and they find Jim huddled on the floor.

The green envelope lies on Jim's desk, and Hartley eagerly seizes it without the detective noticing him.

Of course, Jim is greatly surprised when he comes to his senses. Nall charges him with the murder. Jim denies the charge, and attempts to sustain his denial by producing the green envelope in which Hartley says he received the confession. When he goes to the desk he finds the envelope has disappeared.

In a fury he attacks Hartley, and during the struggle Nall handcuffs him.

Later, when Muriel and her aunt are out lunching, Lady Blanthorpe sees a paper, and she tells her niece that Ellicott has been arrested for the murder of Israel Zorzi. A foreign customer in the restaurant hears the remark. He rushes round to Ellicott's abode and there meets Nall and Hartley. The detective learns his story. He is Juan Asperillo, a Spaniard, the lover of Zorzi's daughter, Shebah, whom someone has basely deceived.

The moneylender had gone to Hampstead Heath that fatal night intent on killing his daughter's betrayer. But he had been killed himself. And Ellicott had confessed the crime. According to the Spaniard's reasoning, therefore, Ellicott was the scoundrel who had ruined Shebah. Asperillo declares that, but for the fact that the law has Jim in its power, he would take a heavy vengeance.

The detective visits Muriel, and she declares that she had received no letter from Jim. Some burnt paper lies in the grate, and Nall guesses the truth.

When Hartley meets Muriel he expresses great sympathy. In conversation with Lady Blanthorpe he connects Ellicott with Zorzi's daughter, and the aunt, in her usual way, repeats the statements to Muriel.

Muriel wants to hear the truth from Hartley's own lips, so together they call on him at his office. As they are speaking a rapid knock comes at the door, and Asperillo enters.

YOU CAN NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

"Merely that I am innocent."

JUAN ASPERILLO paused, hat in hand, as he saw the two ladies sitting there. "I am sorry," he said with hesitation. "I did not know you were engaged. Your clerks—I did not understand them. I shall go out, Señor, till you are alone."

Vincent Hartley was not unskilful in taking advantage of circumstances. The man who has that skill has a brief for success. "Don't go, Asperillo," he said. "We were talking of a matter which concerns you. Let me introduce you."

"This," he said, turning to Muriel and Lady Blanthorpe, "is Juan Asperillo, to whom Shebah Zorzi had been betrothed since childhood."

And he added again to the Spaniard, "I am introducing you to Lady Blanthorpe and to Miss Danebridge. The latter is the lady who was affianced to Ellicott."

There were some seconds of tense silence. Hartley stepped back, as though leaving the stage. It was occupied by Juan Asperillo, artist of Toledo, and Muriel Danebridge, who could not have described herself save as the most miserable woman on earth.

Of course, the individual who describes him or herself as the most miserable on earth is either very ignorant, very unsympathetic, or merely short-sighted.

These two looked into each other's eyes. A fierce eagerness was on the Spaniard's face, and the hardness grew upon the girl's features.

The former spoke first, and with a deep passion in his tone.

"Señorita," he said, "we are both wronged. And if that man were here who has wronged us, I would strike him dead."

Muriel shivered. "Where is this—your—where is Shebah Zorzi now?" she asked.

"Dios! I do not know. I know she left this behind—this which I was summoned from Toledo to read," and he held a piece of paper in his hand, on which showed up a line or two of writing.

"That is my own copy from the one she left in her own handwriting," he added, as he gave the slip of paper into Muriel's hands. "The real one, the original, I gave to Señor Nall—what you call the police—eh? It is for evidence now. After I shall have it back, the one that Shebah wrote. Read the words, Señorita."

And Muriel read, with dull, misery-laden eyes, the message of Shebah Zorzi's shame and despair, which had set in motion all this complication of passion and human tragedy.

"The—the man's name is not mentioned here," she said, clutching at a straw.

Vincent Hartley looked at his blotting-pad.

"No, but old Israel Zorzi knew. And he would not tell me the name for fear I forestalled him, and killed the man myself. But I guessed; I found out; I saw the man himself in Zorzi's office, the man Ellicott. And Zorzi went out to kill him that night—and was killed. Mine should have been the vengeance. Zorzi was old, and failed. I should not have failed. I should have avenged myself and you, Señorita."

"And now do you believe?" asked Lady Blanthorpe, when they were in the street again.

"Yes," muttered Muriel through her teeth.

"That is my case, my lord."

The counsel for the defence sat down, with a subdued murmuring of voices and movement rising from the crowded court.

Two or three hundred pairs of lungs sucked in the stifling atmosphere, and discharged it in heavy sighs.

For two hours they had listened with ears straining, with nerves at breaking point.

The bewigged man who defended Jim Ellicott had held the court within his fingers for twice sixty minutes, playing on the strings of their emotions like a practised musician. When he ended suddenly, quietly, and sank into a silence, it was like the ending of a saga—a battle song, a great effort of speech and the human voice that left the hearers with thickened throats and suspended breathing.

Perhaps the only unmoved person was the prisoner.

Jim Ellicott's emotions had become blunted, or, at least, his receptive capacity for fears and hopes and strained interest had been saturated. He stood there, in the dock, looking every inch of his six feet of height, dully indifferent. He did not think he could escape condemnation, not because he was guilty, but because of the devilish ingenuity with which the evidence had been netted round him.

He had begun his trial boldly, believing that right must conquer because it was right, strong in the faith of eternal justice. But bit by bit he had seen his stronghold of presumptive innocence crumble away under the insidious attacks that almost every word that was spoken made against it. There was more than Vincent Hartley against him, the man who had made him his scapegoat.

There was a malevolent something that coiled circumstances most damnable. Every act of his life seemed maliciously turned against him. Malignant fingers seemed to come out of nothing to point to him as the murderer of Israel Zorzi. Till now he found himself losing interest in what was obviously a one-sided fight. He had been enough in the East to have imbibed some of its fatalism. He was

eminently a strong man, but a man could not fight against what was written.

And so he leaned against the side of the dock, watching and listening as though it were but an interesting game in which he had no concern. His counsel's speech he recognised and enjoyed as a masterpiece of eloquence and collective reasoning. It was worth hearing. It was probably a speech to make a man's reputation.

He criticised and appreciated it in a detached sort of way. It had nothing to do with him personally, because he was as good as condemned. Whatever was done really didn't matter now. He was sorry for one thing, that a considerate court, recognising the fact that it was probable Israel Zorzi had, in a measure, contributed to his own death, since he had gone out with the avowed object of vengeance, had altered the accusation from one of murder to that of manslaughter.

It was not in his nature to be afraid of death, but the long-drawn-out misery of penal servitude he shrank from. Death would be, in the circumstances, a happy relief—indeed, the only relief. For he had a dim idea that an indefinite opportunity for thought inside the walls of a prison would send him mad.

He had said on that fatal night, when, going to his death, he had undertaken to bear the guilt of Hartley's crime; he had said then, as he wrote the incriminating letter, that, though he cared little what people thought and said about him when he was dead, there were some things he would not like fastened to his name.

The accusation that had marked him as the betrayer of Shebah Zorzi left him hot with shame and fury. He vehemently fought against the hideous thing till he was reminded by an unemotional judge that he was being tried for killing a man, not betraying a woman.

"And the last is the worst crime," he had retorted.

He knew, of course, now why Muriel had remained silent. He had written to her several times; there never came a line in answer, not a word to bid him hope, to tell him that one believed in him against all the world. Of course, she did not believe. No one believed. The world and circumstances were against him, the world and Lady Blanthorpe. For that lady saw to the letters.

He had gone through the different gradations of bitterness that lead from despair to numb apathetic indifference. For the vessel of the human soul can no more hold an excess of its measure than can a jug at a spring, and when sorrow comes too fast it simply flows over.

Jim Ellicott glanced round the court as the buzz of conversation rose up. There were many faces he knew. He caught sight of Hartley's face in one of the public galleries. It was a grey face, and there was written in the eyes the fear of a man who has looked into an abyss from an insecure foothold—and is not yet out of danger. He knew Muriel was not in the court, for he had searched the galleries with his eyes, though he had perceived Lady Blanthorpe sitting by herself.

There came a sudden quietness as the judge turned in his seat to the jury.

By his attitude he seemed to take each one of them into his confidence. He spoke quietly, but very distinctly. There was no appeal to the emotions in his tone, only a quiet reasonableness.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "the points of this case have been fairly and skilfully placed before you from two points of view, the one seeking to prove the prisoner guilty, the other striving to establish his innocence. It is not for me to offer any opinion either way, but to carefully take the evidence as you have heard it, and I have heard it, and to sift it and put it in order and lay it before you to consider it in returning a true verdict."

"To begin with, it seems pretty clear, indeed, I might say, beyond doubt, that the train of this tragedy was laid by the girl Shebah Zorzi in that letter she left for her father to find after her flight. If she were here now, if she could have told us with her own lips the name of her betrayer, there would have been little need to go into all the circumstantial evidence that we have been compelled to handle in lieu of direct evidence."

"You have here, then, evidence against an unknown man. That the old man, Israel Zorzi, knew the identity of the offender is very plain; that he went out to kill him is equally sure. Now, the point is—who is the man? Zorzi left no record of that. But, mark this: before setting out on his deed of vengeance he communicated with the girl's betrothed, a man who showed himself in court to-day as being passionate and vengeful—which we need not take much notice of in the circumstances. Doubtless Zorzi was a man much of the same kidney. He was mad for vengeance against the man who had wronged his daughter."

"Now, this Spanish artist begs for the name of the betrayer, but is refused, because the old man claims it as his privilege to strike the blow of vengeance; but, singularly enough, at this time a man comes to the office to do business, just like this unknown man had frequently done, for, as we know, it was under cloak of the man's business transactions—borrowing and paying back, I suppose—that the amour was carried on. The moneylender receives this visitor hostilely. There is a quarrel. What is said cannot be determined, because this Spaniard was at that time unfamiliar with rapidly-spoken English; but here is an important point. Through a window in the door Asperillo is able to see this visitor. He swears that it was the prisoner."

You can start the \$500 a Year for Life Contest to-day by sending for the first four sets of pictures.

"When the latter has gone he demands to know of Zorzi that is the betrayer. The old man is tremendously excited. He hesitates, lies badly, and, in short, practically makes it clear that that was the man. Of course, presuming this was the case, it naturally occurs to one's mind to ask why the deed of vengeance was not done there and then, till we consider that a human body in one's own house is very difficult to dispose of—a fact which would naturally be present in Israel Zorzi's mind, and thus cause him to postpone the wreaking of his vengeance.

"Does any other evidence support Asperillo's testimony that the man who visited Israel Zorzi's office was truly the prisoner, Ellicott? Yes, we have the prisoner's evidence that this was so. He did go to Zorzi's office, but here he claims that his quarrel with the moneylender was over an account. It seems, as the Jew's books show, that Ellicott had had transactions with him. Ellicott had not borrowed money himself. He had been bound for another man, who failed to pay. Thus he was the old man's debtor.

"Whether you think that was a sufficient cause for the quarrel—perhaps some failure of payment—is a matter for you to decide upon. If not, what was the quarrel about? And how do you account for the old man's excitement and his refusal to tell Asperillo the visitor's name?

"And then, tracing the next chapter of the tragedy, we can suppose that Zorzi went out that evening to do his deed of vengeance, and that the man whom he had gone out to kill killed him, for he was found dead, with a bullet-hole in his forehead. Does the evidence still point to the assumption that this man, who turned the tables on the vengeance seeker, was the prisoner? The revolver with which the deed was committed was found not many yards away from the body, and engraved upon it were the prisoner's initials. The prisoner does not disclaim ownership of the weapon. He pleads that he lent this weapon to Mr. Vincent Hartley some weeks before, as the latter wished to do some target shooting. Whether that plea is valid or not is one of the things you have to decide.

"Now, presuming for a moment that we have been on a wrong track, and that the prisoner is not the guilty person, do his subsequent actions that night—I mean, his actions that are within our certain knowledge—tend to prove anything? He writes a letter to his friend Vincent Hartley, saying he is going to end his life, because, among other things, he says he has killed Israel Zorzi. That letter was duly posted, and delivered the following morning. The genuineness of that letter has never been questioned; the only qualifying thing you have to consider is whether the claim of the defence is reasonable or true, the claim that the prisoner wrote it in the peculiar circumstances you have heard—that he was purposing to take his own life, voluntarily taking on his shoulders the crime of someone else, namely, the man to whom he claims to have lent his revolver, Vincent Hartley.

"The prisoner confesses that he intended to kill himself that night, and while that intention held good he cared nothing about bearing the guilt of murder. On the other hand, as the prosecution has pointed out, the fact that he had come upon him a sudden desire for life, owing to the change in the tenor of his love affairs, the most natural thing in the world for a desperate and an unscrupulous man to do would be to try and relieve himself of the self-conviction which his letter, already posted, would certainly indicate, and to find a scapegoat upon whom he could put the guilt of the murder. The prosecution claim that the man chosen by the prisoner to foist the responsibility of the crime upon is Vincent Hartley. This is another point you have to decide.

"Now, the prisoner's case is that, having undertaken this for his friend Hartley, he wished to be relieved of it, but that the latter would not consent. It is further held out that Ellicott on his going to his chambers that night was attacked and rendered insensible at his very door. It has been put to you that someone intended to murder him—someone who was to gain by his death. If you believe the prisoner's case, the man to gain was Hartley. On the other hand, if you don't believe that story, who was it attacked him?

"I think it does not need much considering. The Spaniard, Asperillo, has stated in his evidence that on the night of the murder, while waiting to hear the result of Zorzi's attempt at vengeance, he was prowling round the West End in what we can gather was a somewhat distracted state of mind. During his peregrinations he saw the prisoner emerge from a house in a fashionable square where a reception was evidently in progress, and, immediately concluding that Zorzi had failed, he himself, on his own confession, followed the prisoner, intending to do him bodily harm; indeed, to do what apparently Israel Zorzi had failed to do—that is, kill him.

"How far the rest of the Spaniard's story is true I leave you to judge. In his evidence he states that he followed the prisoner to Jermyn Street, and that, after a few minutes' hesitating waiting, he ascended the stairs, to find the door to the flat fastened. Whether you believe this, or whether you believe that Asperillo attacked the prisoner, as it is clear he was in a mind to do, is a matter for you to judge upon, and it must certainly weigh upon your minds when considering the prisoner's story that he was attacked in the dark by Hartley.

"I mention this latter point because one circumstance links curiously with another in this case. That is to say, if you decide the blow in the dark—and there is evidence to prove that such took place—was given by Vincent Hartley, which the prisoner states, though in the circumstance it was quite impossible for him to have judged who gave the blow—if you decide that, then it was clear that Hartley had something to gain from Ellicott's death, in which case the avenue for further inquiry is opened up. But if you think the Spaniard was the aggressor in this instance, then you must discharge Hartley from the case. You will now, gentlemen, seek to establish a clear and true verdict from the evidence you have heard in accordance with the oaths you have sworn."

Jim Ellicott leaned back wearily as he saw the jurymen file out. He knew what the verdict would be from such a summing up. He was getting rather tired of it all. The passion which had surged within him at first and urged him

to fight with hot words and bitterness against the tangle of villainy that surrounded him had subsided, and left him cold and unsympathetic. For it was no good fighting against giant circumstances when that indefinite individual was out to destroy.

He seemed indifferent to the heavy atmosphere of nervous tension that hung over the court, to the concentrated gaze of the many hundred eyes. By his attitude he was more disinterested than anyone there—a mere outsider, having nothing to gain and nothing to lose by the verdict of the twelve men who had filed out there.

Kismet! It was written. The buzz of voices died down into silence as the jurymen, with the weight of their deliberation heavy on their brows, filed back slowly into the box. The foreman rose nervously. He was a small, plain man, plucked out of the obscurity of an all-sorts shop by the majestic hand of the law to be for a day—for a moment—the exalted instrument and mouthpiece of justice.

His voice came small and discordant, as though he were afraid of the sound of it. Necks craned forward, ears strained, hearts stood still to hear the words of the man who for the first time in his life had a message to deliver.

"We find the prisoner guilty, my lord."

A murmur vibrated sibilantly through the court, like the unrest of an evening wind among leaves. A hundred long breaths were drawn in. Hands were smudged over hot, moist faces. And then the subdued sound was suddenly shut off again as though by a tap. The judge turned to the prisoner to speak to him. It was not an original judge. The words that were spoken—the phrases of condemnation—had been said a hundred times before. The crime James Ellicott had been found guilty of was a very wicked one, the more so because of the circumstances that had led up to it. He was guilty of a double crime, though the first one was not one that the law could punish him for. But of the second he had been judged guilty by a jury of his own countrymen and fellow-citizens. Had the prisoner anything to say, any reason to advance, why sentence should not be passed upon him? Ellicott gave a twisted smile.

"Merely that I am innocent," he said simply.

He said no more, but the twisted smile remained, even as his ears conveyed to his brain the fact that he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

Hartley transacts some business.

VINCENT HARTLEY went out of the court a free man. The sickening load of anxiety that he had borne so long had been lifted from his shoulders. It had sapped the life out of him, battered on his brain, eaten into the very vitals of him, this fear and terror—of the truth.

He had dwelt all these weeks with a sword over his head. To-day it might fall. He had been like a traveller journeying precariously upon the edge of an abyss. To-day he had passed the slippery place, whence he had looked into the depths while he clung.

The air outside seemed to have a different taste now, the sights and sounds of the street a different interest—because he had returned to the world, returned to life and all that life meant. That morning he had been a suspect, that morning he was face to face with a game upon which his life was staked. Now he had won. His life was his own. Another man was paying. Which in nine cases out of ten in this best of all possible worlds is what happens, though the fact is not sufficiently recognised. Another man or other men pay for the luxury, for the life, for the sin of one. The labour of ten thousand men has made the palace of the millionaire, and has paid for the hospitals and libraries that are built in his name.

Hartley gave no thought to the man who was suffering for him. He had not quite got over the feeling of being afraid. He was not yet used to the feeling of freedom. Fear makes some men unscrupulous. Perhaps he would think of Ellicott—after. Just now his mind was full of the endeavour to realise that he was safe.

And what now? The threads of his business had been flying loose for days. There was much to do.

And Lady Blanthorpe would expect him that evening. He had been a constant visitor there of late. His tactful acceptance of that vulgar woman at her own estimation had advanced him far in her favour. Yet in the thing he had conceived he sought something more. His father before him, who had developed to a singular degree the art of using men, had laid it down that it was less satisfactory to be in a man's favour than to have that man in your power.

Because she was ignorant and because she was vain, Lady Blanthorpe presented a series of handles for the unscrupulous to take hold of. But there was something coming to Hartley's hand that surely the very spirit of malignity must have directed.

There was waiting him in his office when he reached there some few minutes before the usual time for closing a youngish man dressed somewhat flamboyantly, with a plenitude of jewellery upon his person, and emitting an odious perfume of opoponax and cigarettes. He had one of those misallied smiles stuck in his pale countenance.

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and held at that drooping angle which is popularly supposed to indicate a very proper spirit of devilry and recklessness on the part of the smoker, while a little semicircle of stained butt-ends radiated somewhat irregularly, from his stool as centre, upon the linoleum.

"See how long I have been here," he said, pointing with a lemon-tinted finger to these evidences of the passage of time. "The fact is, I forgot about the trial that, of course, you had to attend. I've just heard the beggar has got his deserts. Sent one of your boys out for a paper. Congratulate you. Without a stain on your character, eh? Deucedly nasty, though, to have to go through. One thing to console yourself with, though. Justice generally comes out all right on top, and if a man thinks he can bilk justice he doesn't think so for long."

"Do you think so?" said Hartley, with a shiver, as he took off his coat. "Ha! Cold, isn't it?"

"I've never known justice to go wrong myself," continued the young man cheerfully, "and, you know, we meet a few in our business who make dead sure that the law's a regular ass, and that they've only got to buy a penny whip to give it fits. I always say, and I tell the gov'nor the same, that there's nothing like a loan-office to teach you something about the frayed edges of what they call human creatures. For nine out of ten of the beggars who come to borrow hug the idea to their bosoms that if the worst comes to the worst they can just owe the money for ever and ever. Mostly thieves they are who come to borrow from us, I can tell you. But we don't let 'em go."

"You catch them every time, eh?"

"You bet we know our business."

"Set a thief to catch a thief—Well, anyhow, what can I do for you, Mr. Bernard Baines?"

"The gov'nor asked me to come round to see you," said the young man confidently. "The—er—fact is, we're carrying an overweight of paper just now, and we've got a bit to sell at a rate that will allow a fair profit."

"What, bills?"

"Notes of hand. Um—you used to work in with poor old Zorzi a bit, didn't you?"

"Well, he once financed a venture of mine when things were tight, and—well, I've taken his paper occasionally for hard cash."

"Jussu. The governor thought you had. It came out in the evidence of the case, didn't it, that you'd worked a deal or two with the old man? I suppose you—er—knew the girl?"

"It's a fact that I've just seen her, but that's about all," said Hartley, turning away and drawing up a chair to the desk.

"Um! I expect that's why Ellicott tried to plant his little affair on you. Yes, it's a good job, as I said, that justice is all right and in going order hereabouts. Now, touching these bits of paper. Here's one for £67, payable on demand after the fifteenth of next month. We advanced fifty on it. You can have it for fifty-seven. That will give you a tenner, and it's safe. It's a farmer the other side of Sittingbourne. We didn't take a bill, because it's a safe thing. And here's another for £85, a regular Bank of England one for safety—a parson out Epping way. We advanced him £65 on that three months ago. It'll be due in another three months. That's twenty for the accommodation. Suppose we split that and call it a tenner apiece."

"What else have you?"

"There's one here a bigger one, if you prefer to put your eggs in one basket so that you can watch 'em sort of thing—£250. We advanced a couple of hundred on this. It's good enough security, only the party's a bit pressed, I think, and it may be advisable to wait a bit, although it's due now. The old girl has a snug income, I know, only she's been playing bridge or something, I think. Here, do you happen to know the name?"

Hartley took the slip of paper, with its red stamped corner, with mechanical interest and let his eyes dwell on the boldly-written subject-matter, which set forth that the undersigned promised to pay on demand after a certain date the sum in question. And then when his eyes got to the signature a swift, comprehensive change shot over them. They opened wide in stupefied surprise. He looked at it wondering, scarce believing. The name that was written there was Georgina Blanthorpe.

"Widow of Sir John Blanthorpe," grinned the young man; "reg'lar old currant-bun. Know her?"

"I've met Lady Blanthorpe," said Hartley thoughtfully, with his eyes looking inward and his brain engaging on the germ of an idea.

"In that case, you'll know this is a safe thing. We wouldn't part with it, I give you my word, only we're wanting a bit of ready for a big thing."

"I don't know," said Hartley slowly. "I know her. She's a friend of mine in a way, so that I couldn't very well press her for the money."

"You couldn't? Why not?" asked the young man in genuine surprise. "What difference does that make? Still, anyhow, perhaps if she's a friend of yours you'd like to have it to keep her safe—to prevent her being pressed, because we shall want that money in as soon as it's due."

"Um—er—got any more of the same sort?"

"Well, I have another in my pocket," admitted the young man, "only I'm not very keen to sell that." He was watching the other's face keenly, and he thought he saw a concealed eagerness in Hartley's eyes, which immediately caused him, as a prudent seller, to hang back with his wares. "It's for the same amount—two-fifty—a month later than the other one."

"Suppose I give you four-fifty for the two," said Hartley carelessly. "We'll leave out the smaller ones."

"Not enough, Mr. Hartley," said the young man, putting out a hand to pick up the slips of paper. "Four seventy-five is the lowest I can take for those."

Hartley at that figure became possessed of the two signatures of Lady Blanthorpe.

Here was a lever that might be capable of moving much. The power they conferred on him might serve him well. He slipped them into his pocket.

He was due at Lady Blanthorpe's that evening. (Another long instalment next week.)

You can start the £500 a Year for Life Contest to-day by sending for the first four sets of pictures.

SMART LITTLE GIRL.

"I WAS talking to my little granddaughter over the telephone the other day," said an old man recently to a few of his friends at an hotel, "and when I ended, I said:

"Here, Dorothy, is a kiss for you."
"She replied: 'Oh, pshaw, grandpa! Don't you know that a kiss over the telephone is like a straw hat?'"
"I said: 'Why, no, sweetheart, how's that?'"
"It's not felt, grandpa," she said."

CAUGHT NAPPING.

"WHAT a methodical fellow you are Brown," said Filkins, who had stepped into Brown's office during the latter's absence.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Brown, who had just entered.

"Mean?" echoed Filkins; "to think that you should lock all your drawers up when you are only going for five minutes. Tisn't likely that anybody would meddle with your papers."

"Of course not," replied Brown; "but how did you find out that the drawers were locked?"

"THERE goes a man who always whistles at danger."

"What does he do?"
"He's an engine-driver."

"JACK ROSE handed in his resignation as a bluff to make the firm raise his salary," said the first clerk.

"Did they raise it?" asked the second.
"Yes, but another man is drawing it."

"UNCLE JOHN, should I be justified in writing to a young man who has never written to me?"
"Only on very important business, my dear."
"Well, this is important business—I want him to marry me!"

DETECTIVE: "Have you anything besides this photograph by which I can identify him?"

"Yes, I have," replied the hard-featured matron, whose husband had deserted her. And going to her bureau-drawer she took out a bunch of ginger-coloured hair, tied with a ribbon. "Him and me had some words one day," she said, "and I pulled this out of his head."

LOWERING HIS PRESTIGE.

SOME members of the Motor Club were discussing the latest police outrage.

"It's a shame," said the one most interested. "I never in my life was more humiliated than when that ignorant policeman went in the box and swore that I was going twenty miles an hour."

"How fast were you really going, Harry?" another asked.

"Not an inch less than fifty miles an hour."

HE WAS TOUGH!

SMASH!

The suburban, go-as-you-please tramcar had jumped the rails, and groans and flying glass filled the air.

The form of an elderly gentleman shot through a broken window, turned two somersaults and landed in a sitting posture on the pavement.

"Sir," said the elderly gentleman to an excited bystander, "is this Cambridge Street?"

"No, sir. It's a bad wreck, isn't it?"

An injured look came over his face.

"Then, sir," he said firmly, "I did not want to get off here, and I shall report the conductor."

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DIGESTION**
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The best of food will not nourish your bodily system unless properly digested. The relish for food, and the power to digest it, depend on the healthy action of your stomach and bowels. Food undigested gives off poisonous acids that enter your blood and bring on headache, biliousness, constipation. You can keep your digestion in perfect order by using MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP, a medicine made from extracts of roots, barks and leaves.

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"I lost appetite, and after eating I had a feeling of discomfort. This grew worse till food caused me actual pain. I was much troubled with wind and headache, and felt dreadfully run down and weak. Indeed I became so feeble latterly that I could hardly get about at all. My sleep was very broken, and I got no real rest night or day. I tried many things, but only MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP cured me."—From Mrs. E. PURSER, 9 Queen St., Stony Stratford, Bucks. July 16, 1906.

Will give you
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The 2/6 bottle contains three
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The heart is the great forcing pump which forces the blood through the arteries, veins, through the lungs, and back to itself again.

The action of the heart consists in its contraction and dilation; it contracts over one hundred thousand times daily.

Asleep or awake its action goes on, and under ordinary circumstances the motion is so even and regular that one can hardly detect it.

But in a strenuous life, with the bustle, bustle and worry of business, the beating becomes violent, and the throbbing can be felt in the head.

Palpitation is a sure sign of weakness, especially when it occurs without any obvious cause.

Palpitation, independent of disease, is liable, indeed is very liable, to occur in the young of both sexes, especially in autumn cases.

The remedy indicated is recuperation, and to achieve this end more fully every effort must be made to build up the blood by restoratives.

The most famous restorative in the world is Coleman's "Wincarnis," and this claim is endorsed and confirmed by over 8,000 medical men.

Over 8,000 doctors have testified in writing to the merits of "Wincarnis" as a valuable means of recuperation; without the least stain on the digestive organs, it enriches the blood and invigorates the heart instantly.

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Yours faithfully,
A. C. S.

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Free tasting sample and

"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CHILD" for postage (4d.) from SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter St., London, E.C. Name this paper.

THE EVIDENCE from
143, Gorge's Road, Holloway, London, N.,
February 16, 1906. "My son was subject

to rickets and bronchitis and so delicate we thought we should never rear him. After taking Scott's Emulsion he began to get quite strong. Now he is able to run about and is quite well. Scott's Emulsion has been the making of him, and he is very fond of it."

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ROWNTREE'S Elect COCOA is deservedly popular by reason of its great economy in use. But it has qualities also which commend it to those who need not "count the cost."

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MAKERS
TO H.M.
THE KING.

THINGS A
WOMAN WANTS
TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINY DISHES.

This Delicious Mock Crab

Will, I feel sure, suit your party. Rub to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese with one tablespoonful of butter, a salt-spoonful each of mustard and salt, a little anchovy essence or paste, cayenne, and a tea-spoonful of vinegar. Spread this on dry toast, garnish and serve. (Reply to OLIVE.)

Invalid's Cup Pudding.

Take a teaspoonful of breadcrumbs, pour over sufficient milk to cover, and after soaking beat up with a fork. Grease a breakfast-cup with butter, add a lightly-beaten egg to the breadcrumbs, sweeten and flavour very slightly. Pour the mixture into the greased cup and steam for twenty minutes. Turn out to serve.

Wheatmeal Cakes.

Boil half a pint of new milk with a pinch of salt, and dissolve in it a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Put the butter and milk on to sufficient wheatmeal to make a light, soft dough. Roll out a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into small round cakes. Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. Serve hot with butter and golden syrup.

Quince Jam.

Peel and core as many quinces as required. Boil the cores and parings in water, strain and boil the quinces in the juice till soft. Press the fruit through a coarse sieve, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of the pulp, and boil for twenty minutes. Pour into wide-mouthed bottles or jars, and cover while still hot. (Reply to F. E. H., Bowes Road.)

Sweet Sage Pudding.

Soak two ounces of sage in water for several hours, drain and mix it with two ounces of suet, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two beaten eggs, one ounce of sugar, and a tablespoonful of marmalade. Butter a mould, ornament it with split raisins or candied peel; pour in the mixture and steam for two hours. Turn out and serve with wine sauce.

Saffron Bloaters.

Fillet two bloaters, removing backbone and skin. Shape the fish into nice pieces. Beat an egg and put three ounces of breadcrumbs and one ounce of cheese in a piece of paper. Dip each piece of fish in the beaten egg and then put into the cheese and breadcrumbs to cover completely. Flatten the breadcrumbs on with a knife. Put some frying fat into a saucepan and heat it till it throws off a blue smoke. Put the fish in, one piece at a time, and cook till a golden brown. Take out, drain on paper, and serve with chopped parsley.

Jugged Rabbits.

Prepare two rabbits as for boiling, cut them into neat pieces and fry brown in butter or dripping; take out of the pan and fry some onion, celery, and turnip, and a little celery. Drain away all the fat, put the rabbits and vegetables into a jar, and pour over sufficient water to cover; adding brownings or meat essence, ketchup, peppercorns, salt, mace, and a bunch of herbs. Cover the jar closely, set in a pan of boiling water, and let it boil for two or three hours steadily, according to the age of the rabbit—it should be tender but not overdone. When cooked arrange the meat on a dish, thicken the gravy and stir while it boils for a few minutes, then strain over the rabbit; garnish with rashers of bacon and seasoning balls.

Dough Nuts.

Work smoothly with the fingers four ounces of lard, and four ounces of flour: add half a pound of fine white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, one drachm of cloves, two blades of powdered mace, two tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, which has been watered for one night and which should be solid. Add as much warm milk as will convert the whole into a rather firm dough: let this stand from one to two hours near the fire, then knead it well and make into balls about the size of an apple, hollow them with the thumb and inclose a few currants in the middle, gather the paste well over the fruit and throw into a saucepan half filled with boiling lard: when they are equally coloured to a fine brown, lift out and dry before the fire. The lard should boil only just before the dough nuts are dropped into it or the outside will be scorched before the insides are properly done. (Reply to Zix, Lingwood.)

JUST THE SKIRT YOU WANT.

You must indeed be hard to please if the skirt our artist has specially designed for you does not prove to be what you want. It is simple in make, economical as to material—only four and a quarter yards of 42-inch stuff being needed—and the one-piece lining means but little extra work, since it barely extends to the knees. A yard and a quarter of 36-inch sateen or linenette, to match the skirt, must be obtained for this.

The lining is made up quite apart from the skirt, and the best way will be to fit it exactly to the figure and then arrange the inverted box-pleats to fit the lining, both being lightly stitched together at the placket, at the centre back. Hem the lower edge of the lining, but leave it loose. A pocket may, however, be attached if desired.

The skirt has a fairly-wide front, on either side of which a wide side breadth is provided. The extra flounce at the foot is cut quite separately and stitched on to the lower part of the hem of the skirt in such a way that the line of stitching necessary to hold the two together appears to be but an ordinary hem.

Now that the thirteen and even fifteen-gore skirt is so much sought after, our design should have a large following, for it simulates the many-gored skirt, with about half the work.

For indoor wear, hopsack, cashmere or a fine cloth would be very suitable. Outdoors, give the preference to a light tweed or serge.



No. 16753. Paper pattern, 6d., post free, from Patterns Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

WHEREIN consists good housekeeping?

For one thing, it implies such keeping of a house as makes everybody, from daddy to the baby, happy and comfortable. The housekeeper is responsible for the smooth running of the family machine. The order of the home depends upon her management.

If she is a heedless person who has no system, meals will never be in season and things will be at sixes and sevens all through her domain. If she is a slave to her system, cramped by it, and unable to give or take any freedom, the family will suffer. System must needs be elastic in the best regulated family.

Good housekeeping means room for expansion in every faculty of soul and body. It takes no ordinary woman to be a perfect housekeeper and home maker.

EAT FRUIT AND KEEP WELL.

In spite of what the doctors have been telling us, and are never tired of repeating, about the invaluable medicinal properties of every kind of fruit, many people continue to neglect this delightful remedy for the ills that flesh is heir to. Here are a few of the virtues to be found in the best known of fruits.

Grapes come first, more especially black grapes, which are nutritious and purifying to the blood. Peaches are also exceedingly wholesome, but they should never be eaten over-ripe. They may be eaten either at meals or between meals, but breakfast is probably the best time.

An orange or apple eaten before breakfast is said to be the best cure for dyspepsia, and it is certainly the best remedy for the multitude of skin troubles which come with the spring. The juice of oranges and lemons is invaluable in cases of fever, while tomatoes are excellent remedies for some liver and gastric complaints. Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and cherries are all nutritious, as well as cooling and purifying to the system.

HOW TO RESTORE FURNITURE.

FURNITURE required to be revarnished should be well washed with strong borax-water, in order to remove the grease and other blemishes, then wiped dry and given a good coat of varnish.

Ink-stains, or other disfiguring spots, may be removed by dipping a feather in a mixture of twelve drops of spirits of nitre and a tablespoonful of rainwater and applying it to the spots.

To remove lesser stains, and give furniture not badly defaced a polish, use two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, a tablespoonful of turpentine, and a tablespoonful of strong borax-water; mix well, and rub in with a soft flannel cloth.

Scratches and dents on furniture may be entirely erased by wetting with warm water and covering with a wet cloth, and applying a hot iron until the moisture is evaporated, after which a cloth saturated with linseed oil should be laid over the places for several days before varnishing.

New furniture will retain its glossy appearance for years without the aid of furniture polish, if it is wiped over every week with a damp window leather.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

If you Wish a Cake to be Light

Put it into a good hot oven at first, and let the heat diminish after the first twenty minutes.

Save the Scraping of the Flour from the Pastry.

Dry this in the oven, put it into a dredger and use when roasting meat; it will give better flavour and appearance than ordinary flour.

A Fire is soon Caused

By the overturning of a paraffin lamp which water has no power to extinguish. In every house where paraffin is burnt a bucket of dry sand should be kept in a place accessible to all the inmates, for it will instantly extinguish burning oil.

A Brilliant Varnish for Paint.

Mix together four ounces of white-lead paste, half an ounce of patent dryer, and six ounces of white spirit varnish. These are sufficient to make the varnish of the consistency of ordinary white paint. This should give paint the appearance of enamel when dry. (Reply to HEATHERDALE.)

Hygienic Washing.

A surprising quantity of dirt will come from the clean skin if this preparation is used, a teaspoonful to every basin of washing water. Put four ounces of sea salt, a tablespoonful of camphor and the same quantity of ammonia into a quart bottle, fill this up with hot water and let it stand twenty-four hours before using. If this is used daily it greatly improves the skin.

Sty in the Eye.

This remedy has been thoroughly tested by my family, proving reliable and not unpleasant. Take a piece of hot baked apple, wrap it in muslin, apply it to the eyelid; keep the poultice in place by binding a handkerchief round the head. This should be done at night, and in the morning the sty will be greatly lessened, if not gone. (Reply to BARTAGNA.)

To Wash Chintz

Take two pounds of rice, and boil it in two gallons of water till soft. Then pour the whole into a tub; let it stand until it becomes about the warmth usual for washing linens; next put the chintz in and use the rice instead of soap. Wash it until all dirt is out. Then boil the same quantity of rice as above, but strain it and mix with clear warm water. Wash the chintz in this again till quite clean, then rinse it in the water strained from the last lot of rice, which will answer the purpose of starch. (Reply to TASMANIAN HOUSEKEEPER.)

A Lunch fit for a King.

An active and successful young lady tells her food experience:

"Some three years ago I suffered from nervous prostration, induced by continuous brain strain and improper food, added to a great grief.

"I was ordered to give up my work as there was great danger of my mind failing me altogether. My stomach was in bad condition (nervous dyspepsia, I think now) and when Grape-Nuts food was recommended to me, I had no faith in it. However, I tried it, and soon found a marked improvement in my condition as the result. I had been troubled with deathly faint spells, and had been compelled to use a stimulant to revive me. I found, however, that by eating Grape-Nuts at such times I was relieved as satisfactorily as by the use of stimulants, and suffered no bad effects, which was a great gain. As to my other troubles—nervous prostration, dyspepsia, etc.—the Grape-Nuts diet soon cured them.

"I wish especially to call the attention of office-girls to the great benefit I derived from the use of Grape-Nuts as a noon luncheon. I was thoroughly tired of cheap restaurants and ordinary lunches, and so made the experiment of taking a package of Grape-Nuts food with me, and then slipping out at mid-day and getting twopenny worth of cream and milk to add to the food. I found that this simple dish, finished off with an apple, banana, orange, or a bunch of grapes, made a lunch fit for a king, and one that agreed with me perfectly.

"I thrive so on my Grape-Nuts diet that I did not have to give up my work at all, and in the two years have had only four lost days."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.—[ADVT.]

HOLIDAYS FOR 1906-7.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1907. JAN.
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	M 4 11 18 25	M 3 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	T 5 12 19 26	T 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Good Friday . . . March 29.	W 6 13 20 27	W 11 18 25	W 8 15 22 29
Easter Monday . . . April 1.	Th 7 14 21 28	Th 12 19 26	Th 9 16 23 30
Whitsun Monday . . . May 20.	F 8 15 22 29	F 13 20 27	F 10 17 24 31
Bank Holiday . . . August 5.	S 9 16 23 30	S 14 21 28	S 11 18 25

FOR THROAT & LUNGS.

How Peps Cure that Nasty Cough.

WHEN the air we breathe is so often impure, is it to be wondered at that coughs and colds, and lung and throat complaints should be so common? Greatly to be envied is the robust Swiss shepherd dwelling amongst the rich pine trees on the Alps. Bronchitis and consumption do not menace his life, for the rich pine fumes constantly bathe his throat and lungs as he breathes, and keep the delicate tissues strong and healthy. Observation of this robustness of the dwellers amidst the pine forests of Europe and America has shed new light on the treatment of lung and throat troubles, and led to the discovery of Peps, an ideal breathing cure, for coughs, colds, chills, bronchitis, influenza, &c.

The breathing in of the rich pine essences of these tablets, as they are crushed in the mouth, or dissolved on the tongue, confers all the benefits that come to the Swiss shepherd from breathing the resinous pine-air of the Alps. The fumes from the dissolving Peps follow the direction indicated by the dotted line in the diagram and impregnate every inch of membrane from the mouth and nostrils to the furthestmost part of the respiratory organs.

A germicide and antiseptic of the highest value in coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throats, tightness of the chest, &c., is thus brought into direct contact with the diseased surfaces of the throat and lungs, and the pleasant, comforting sensation aroused without is evidence of the hidden work of healing begun within. Liquid cough mixtures are merely swallowed into the stomach, when it is the lungs that require attention. Between the stomach and the lungs there is no direct connection, and all lung and bronchial diseases must be treated direct. Peps strengthen the actual tissues of the

windpipe which have been injured by the incessant coughing of consumption, bronchitis, or whooping-cough. Peps bring wonderful relief to the asthmatic victim; and cure the worst influenza cold by destroying the dangerous germs. No home can afford to be without this remarkable remedy.

NATURE'S BREATHING CURE.

Peps provide a safe, scientific, and sensible remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Peps are of great service in the hacking cough of Consumption, and as a safeguard against the dangers of Pleurisy and Pneumonia. Peps are simply invaluable to public speakers, teachers, preachers, politicians, lawyers, actors, singers, and all subject to habitual vocal effort.

PEPS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AT 1s. 1½d. OR 2s. 6d. PER BOX, OR POST FREE FOR SAME PRICE FROM THE PEPS PASTILLE CO., CARLTON HILL, LEEDS.



Peps

A Pine Forest in Every Home

JUST JOUT

Black & Tan

BOOT POLISH

The Best Made for
BOX CALF and OTHER LEATHERS

Guaranteed Free from Acid.

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25 Society Christmas Cards with silk bows. Very smart	1/-
25 Dainty "all folders, silk cords, etc.	1/-
25 Choice "Postcards. The latest	1/-
25 Highest quality postcards lovely British Views, Antiques, etc.	1/-

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GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known towns and full conditions below, we offer our £25 Lady's SOLID GOLD WATCH, stamped, fully jewelled, as a FREE GIFT. Silver Watches are presented to 5000.

Send your answer on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FRIDGEMAN & CO., Grosvenor Buildings, Storehouse Lane, Birmingham. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last G.M. competition were:

M. A. B. 2, 3 Bath Building, M. A. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

WHICH?

Which way will you buy your bed— from the local dealer, whose profits have to come from your pocket—or from the actual manufacturer, who can sell to you at wholesale prices, offer you a greater variety and give you goods in factory condition—new and bright? Our price list will decide you. Send a postcard for "Bed" Booklet No. 12.

NEAL'S, The Bedstead Specialists, Dept. 2, 150 Edmund St., BIRMINGHAM.

Gout Rheumatism Sciatica and Neuralgia Cured

Genoform cures these painful complaints. Nothing eases the pain and cures so quickly. Its action is wonderful. It is the one remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Neuralgia, has no after effects, and is quite harmless. If you suffer try this genuine remedy, and if testimony is of any value we can send you plenty.

Genoform gives relief in the first few hours, and effects a permanent and complete cure. Genoform is largely prescribed by the medical profession who have themselves tested its efficacy. Of all chemists, or post free from sole agents. Price 1/3 and 2/3 post free. Write for testimonials.

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MILD and MEDIUM



It will be noticed that the first sets of pictures are not reproduced in this number of *Pearson's Weekly*, but those readers who have only now decided to enter the £500 a Year for Life Competition, and who have not secured the four last numbers of the paper, may obtain the set of pictures up to date by sending two penny stamps to the Publisher, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SOME months ago I had occasion to refer in these columns to the case of a disappointed competitor who, since the close of the competition in which he failed to win a prize, bombarded me with post-cards in which, after explaining in detail the amount of time and money he had spent on solving the problems, he finished up with the words: "What have I got in return? Nothing. Not even the smell of an oil rag." Of course, readers will understand that the prize offered was not an oil rag. At the same time, with our unvarying courtesy to competitors and a desire to do what will please them, I suggested to this man that if he cared to call at these offices at any time during business hours, no doubt our chief engineer would be able to accommodate him with the smell of an oil rag. This offer was not accepted. But as the post-cards continued to arrive almost daily, I gave instructions for the office-boy to remove them with a pair of tongs from my morning's post before I arrived at the office. I was told to-day that the post-cards not only continue to flow in, but they are varied by an occasional picture post-card bearing a photograph of the sender with the words: "Who is the mug? I am." In this we heartily concur. His portrait proves it. I suggest, however, that my unhappy friend adopt another, and perhaps saner, method of wasting his money. Each post-card sent means another half-penny in the Postmaster-General's coffers. That's a pity. If my friend would stand over a grating outside his house and drop halfpennies down it one by one, he would get far more fun out of the process. He would hear them jingle and see them flop in the water—little pleasures he certainly cannot derive from merely sending paste-board through the post.

WILLIAM is seventeen, and lives at home with his people. He earns fifteen shillings a week, and has to pay ten to his parents. This he thinks is far too much, and he wants to know what I consider a fair amount. A fair amount, I think, would be just what it would cost you to get the same comfortable home and good food elsewhere. If you can do that for ten shillings a week you are lucky. You argue that your parents "have got to keep their establishment going, anyway." Well, so have you got to keep some sort of a home for yourself, anyway. If you can get that home with your parents, it is only right that you should pay for it the same amount that you would have to pay elsewhere.

An interesting point in connection with railways is raised by a Whitechurch correspondent, who wants to know whether the strain on the couplings of a train next the engine is greater than on the couplings of the last carriage. When the train is, so to speak, free-wheeling, the strain is equally distributed throughout the train, but directly the locomotive exerts pulling power, then the strain is greater on the front couplings. This will be more obvious to you in the following example: Supposing a train consists of six cars, and is being drawn up an incline by a locomotive. The strain on the couplings between the first car and the locomotive would be equal to the combined weight of the six carriages. The strain on the couplings on the second carriage would be equal to the weight of five carriages, and so on. In this way, the couplings on the last car would be six times less than that on the leading car.

H. M., of Hale End, gives me a little billiard problem to solve. Here is the difficulty: He potted the red ball, and then, when the red was about to be placed on the spot, it was discovered that his opponent's white was so close to the spot that there was no room for the red without it touched or moved his opponent's ball. What should be done under these circumstances? Of course, officially, I know nothing about these matters, H. M., but I have consulted a friend whose proficiency at billiards indicates his mispent youth and he tells me that the red ball should be placed on the pyramid spot, and H. M. should then continue his break in the ordinary way.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

THE work of checking the attempts in this competition is proceeding rapidly, and next week we hope to be in a position to state when the names of the winners will appear.

E. M. T. writes as follows: In P.W. dated November 15th your article entitled "King Kipper," says the drifter, *Rocket*, landed 22½ last of herring (equal to 207,000 fish). It may be interesting to know that a few weeks back the steam drifter, *Si*, of Yarmouth, landed 25 last, or 330,000 fish, which I believe is a record catch.

YOU may remember that in the issue of August 2nd the editor of the *NOVEL MAGAZINE*, through "Mr. Notebook," offered prizes of £5 for the two best stories woven round a couple of plots which "Mr. Notebook" himself suggested. The prize-winning stories will be found in the Christmas number of the *NOVEL MAGAZINE*—the magazine that is all stories. There are twenty complete tales in this issue, which is now on sale, price 4d.

THIS comes from a Surbiton reader: "Is a man engaged when he has obtained the consent of the lady and of those persons whose approval is necessary before he has given the ring?"—Yes, as soon as the lady has promised to marry him. The ring is merely a formal acknowledgment to the world that the young lady is engaged. It is proof that the young man means business. Nothing more. An engagement is no less binding because a ring hasn't changed hands.

"If an explorer," asks LIVERPOOL, "made a successful expedition to the North Pole, how would he prove to the public on his return that he had really been there?"—He wouldn't need to prove it, LIVERPOOL. We should take his word for it. He'd be satisfied, and we'd be satisfied, and everybody would be satisfied. But if he said that as the result of his success another penny in the pound was going to be put on the income-tax, and the proceeds handed over to him—then we should want proof.

A BRILLIANT notion comes from a NORTHWICH reader. He likes serial stories all right, but he cannot stand the nervous strain of waiting from one week to another to see how the story develops. He therefore suggests that, when each new serial is started, a synopsis or outline of the plot should be given, so that readers may know exactly what is coming. This would be most exciting, but it would too much resemble the gentleman at the play who tells his friend in a hoarse whisper "what is coming next." It's the very fact that you don't know how a story is going to develop that induces you to continue reading it with pleasure. If an author showed his hand at the start it would spoil everything.

TWO brothers have been having an argument regarding the new battleship, *Dreadnought*. One brother says that a vessel of this length is perfectly stable, while the other brother says that if the bow and stern of the vessel were lifted on the points of two waves, the weight of the engines and boilers would break the ship in half. They have resolved to abide by my decision. I should have thought anyone with the smallest knowledge of ships would have known that such a contingency as that suggested by one of the brothers was an impossibility. No waves could possibly raise a vessel in such a position that the centre of the hull was taken right out of the water. Moreover, if it were so in the case of the *Dreadnought*, it would be the same in the case of vessels which are some scores of feet shorter, and ships don't seem to suffer that way very much.

HEAN is a guileless young man seeking advice. He says: "One dark night recently I was cycling in the country on the footpath. The local policeman checked me, but I replied that I had not broken the law, inasmuch as there was no kerbstones. This was not accepted by the constable, who warned me not to offend again, and dismissed me. Now, my contention is that I was within my right, for how is anyone to decide where the road ends and the footpath begins?"—Rubbish. You first of all admit that you were riding on the footpath, and then you try to wriggle out of it by pretending you didn't know the footpath from the road. It certainly isn't necessary for a footpath to enjoy the luxury of a kerbstones. It is only necessary for the earth to be a little higher than the roadway to take unto itself the designation of footpath.

Messrs Raphael Tuck and Sons herald the approach of Christmas by submitting to us specimens of cards and other novelties they are now inviting you to buy. Your opinion as you turn over the Tuck works of art at your bookseller's—or draper's—for they too are infatuated with the card craze—will be that you have too many nice things from which to make your choice. With some knowledge of how the thing is done, it amazes even us how Messrs. Tuck year after year manage to produce thousands of new designs in Christmas and other picture cards. I believe they have two thousand sets of Christmas cards comprising no fewer than four thousand distinct designs; over

a thousand sets, every range of subject being represented, in the new collection of the "Oilette" series of picture post-cards, and over four hundred different sorts of calendars in the season's output, which also includes a large number of children's books ("untearable" a speciality) and many amusing novelties.

THE following subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund have come to hand since the last list was published.

F. H. L., 2s.; Mrs. Booth, 1s.; S. W., 1s. 6d.; "Britannia Experts," 1s.; H. Cumberland Brown, 1s. 1s.; H. F. Lloyd, 1s. 10s.; In Imitation of Marie, 1s.; E. C. W. and H. M. W., 1s.; J. P. Davidson, 1s.; Mrs. Wilson, 1s.; A. H. Saltaire, 1s.; S. H. House, 1s.; Miss E. M. Doherty, 1s.; Miss B. C. Symonds, 1s.; Maple Leaf, 1s.; J. Moss, 1s.; E. W. Mawbey, 1s.; L. F. Bolly, 1s. 6d.; T. Moore, 1s. 1d.; "Lektrik," 1s.; F. W. Gall, 1s.; E. L. Walsh, 1s.; In Imitation of Marie, 1s.; C. E. Pennymore, 1s. 6d.; Miss Gray-shay, 1s.; Miss Smith, 1s.; "Market Place," 1s. 1s.; J. Matthews, 1s.; Mrs. Holcoran, 1s.; In Imitation of Marie, 1s.; Norah and Winnie O'Connor, 1s.; E. J. Drake, 1s.; In Imitation of Marie, 1s.; H. E. Mould, 1s. 6d.; A. L. L., 1s.; N. B. G., 1s. 6d.; H. L., 1s.; H. Cortazzi, 1s.; D. Westmoreland, 1s.; Mrs. Stetson, 1s. 6d.; In Imitation of Marie, 1s.; J. H. S., 1s.; Gilbert Fife, 1s.; H. E. L., 1s. 6d.; John Wightman, 1s. 6d.; Sympathiser in "God's Own Country," 1s.; T. Kilner, 1s.; H. W. S., 1s.; C. F. Aston, 1s. 6d.; Found on Cock of Blenheim, 1s.

COLLECTORS: B. B., per C. E. Lee, 1s.; Miss Lahive, 1s.; Madeline Hannaford, 1s. 2d.; Workmen's Club, Aberdeen, per H. Evans, 1s. 1s.; A. Briant, 1s. 6d.; Friends, 1s.; Copper Collection at a Costume Football Game on H.M.S. *Venerable*, per P. Oruse, 1s.; Miss F. Schaffner, 1s.; Transvaal Police at Bokhara, 1s. 2s.; per A. D. Roper; Bellair Sunday School, per H. P. Byddwell, 1s. 1s.; E. L. Smout, 1s.; Officers, Engineers, and Crew of s.s. *Asopa*, per J. Ferguson, 1s. 12s.; Doris Hammond, 1s.; Ethel and Willie Ashton, 1s.; Part Proceeds of Bazaar held at Smithley, 1s.; Friends, per H. W., 1s.; Diggers on the Vaal River, per A. D. Struthers, 1s. 2s.; Tyler's Shop, Yateley, 1s. 3d.; De Kaap Club, Barmston, 1s.; Mrs. Lewis, 1s.; Nellie Cooke, 1s. 6d.; Mercury Swimming Club, 1s.; "Haughhead," Innerleithen, 1s. 6d.; Miss Maynard, 1s.; O Division, T.T. Police, Johannesburg, per D. M. Peters, 1s. 2s.; Beryle, Moss, "The Cameronians," per G. Wheeler, 1s. 6d.; Miss W. Jones, 1s.; Master Hughes, 1s.; Dominico Cork Club, Gibraltar, 1s.; Part Proceeds of Lecture given in Durban by Mr. C. W. Harrison, per R. E. Brown, 1s. 2s.; Nora Fieldwick, 1s. 6d.; L. Bakins, 1s.; Lallie Harris, Natal, 1s.; Fennies, Manchester, 1s. 6d.; Miss L. Moore, N.E., 1s.; In Box at E. Stiles, 1s. 1d.

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will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of each accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of "Pearson's Weekly" being killed by an accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1900, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newspaper, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper to the Publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....
Available from 8 p.m., Thursday, November 29th, 1906,
until midnight, Friday, December 7th, 1906.

Printed by HORACE COX, St. Martin's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at *Pearson's Weekly* Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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